THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

VOL. IX.—No. 47. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

"THE OLD TOM-CAT."

Don't you remember the old Tom-cat, John Smith,
The old Tom-cat whose notes were so high,
As he used to serenade us each night, John Smith,
When the stars were bright in the sky?
Down by the old Niagara's shore, John Smith,
Where the elm stands silent and lone,
Some naughty boys threw in the river one day
The old Tom-cat attached to a stone.

Don't you remember old Towzer, John Smith,
Old Towzer, who belonged to Bill Gale,
And how many times, in our childhood sports,
We have tied oyster cans to his tail?
Old Towzer would have lived with Gales, John Smith.
Until he had grown helpless and old,
But they caught him stealing a sheep one night,
And old Towzer's tail was soon told.

Don't you remember the old pond, John Smith,
And the bridge across, built of logs,
And how many times we have stood on the bridge
And pelted with stones the poor frogs?
The bridge and the pond are gone, John Smith,
And all things are changed that I view,
But I find no change in my pocket, John Smith—
Could I borrow a dollar of you?

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"It is not love, Mr. Lorromer; it is passion."

"Nay, 'tis love. Oh, tell me, bright, beautiful being that thou art, tell me that I may some day hope to call thee mine," cried Harry, impetuously.

"It cannot be; I am a lost, degraded woman; none on earth to love, none to be loved."

"You are not yet lost. None are so utterly lost but there is still a chance for redemption."

"Not for me, not for me." sighed Eva.

"Ay, for you," cried Harry, who admired more and more this strange girl, "for you. You are not degraded. 'Tis true you are unfortunate—the victim of man's cruelty and treachery. Still, you herd not with the common prostitute, nor make thyself a Messalina."

"Heaven knows I do not," cried Eva, "for save and excepting with him who is my betrayer, I have ever been pure and virtuous."

"I doubt you not," continued Lorromer, who, as he saw Eva was listening with deep attention, was not unwilling to prolong the conversation.

"Ay, as pure as when I first sought in *his* arms a refuge from the whirl of passion that beset my soul. Fool that I was to trust myself so fondly to him. And yet, I was innocent of wrong. Immured within a limited circle of friends, what chance had I of learning of the iniquity of the outer world. My heart panted for a being on which to pour out its first true affections, and when he came, with serpent-like tongue, he easily beguiled me from the path of right."

The woman wept. Harry was silent, for there was something solemn in the way such a bright and handsome creature as Eva spoke of her own frailty.

"And since then what have I seen? Men, whose sole thought was the pleasing of their own fierce desires. Men, whom I might have liked, but on the first offer of friendship, have construed it into affection, and insulted me with the basest of proposals."

"Too true, too true," said Harry.

"Well, finally we came here, and then I saw you. I liked your appearance. I was instructed to become acquainted with you—to captivate you."

"Instructed!" cried Harry, in amazement.

"Well," responded Eva, "I saw you—I planned that you should come and see me—you did come—vowed unalterable love, (with bitter irony) and, to tell the truth, I liked you; but still I dare not show it."

"Dare not? I am in a mystery here," cried Harry.

"Which I shall never unriddle. As I said, I liked you; but still I saw through your protestations of affection; the same object, the one idea, self, self," and Eva bowed her head on her hands and wept.

"It was true affection," cried Harry.

"Would that I *dare* believe thee, but I cannot; for never, never shall I put trust in man. Leave me, I pray you, Mr. Lorromer, *he* is here," she cried, as a heavy footstep was heard in the next room.

"I will leave," said Harry, "but oh! that you would love."

"Nay, I dare not; do not tempt me; adieu!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUT ON THE LOOSE.

"ALL met?" cried Gus Mordaunt, about seven o'clock the night after Harry's visit to Eva.

And now we wish to place the time fully before the reader. It was on a Monday night that the burglary occurred at Lorromer's house. It was on Tuesday that the interview took place between Susan Winter disguised as the boy Robert, and Col. Cashton. On Wednesday night the scene in the gambling house occurred. On Thursday night Harry visited Eva Darling; and on this, Friday night, scenes of a vastly diversified character were enacted, while at the same time they were unintentionally connected with each other, and we may well call them the drama of a night.

The observation of Mr. Mordaunt, recorded at the beginning of this chapter, was addressed to a circle of young gentlemen, old acquaintances of ours, who were ranged around the huge stove that in cold weather diffused its heat through a Broadway bar-room.

"All met?" said Gus. "I believe we are. Harry, and Fenner, and Powers, and St. Cecil are all here. It's an awful night out."

The gentlemen named extended a cordial welcome to the new-comer, and agreeable to his invitation, indulged in a most liberal potation.

"And now, gentlemen," Gus rattled on, "what's to be done? We're met for a bender, and a bender let it be."

"Let's go to the theatre first," suggested Harry.

"Flat, stale, and unprofitable," cried Fenner.

"Butt's Assemmbly's open to-night," observed Powers.

"It's too early for that."

"Aw, gentlemen, I've got an idea," remarked St. Cecil.

"Fortunate man," interposed Gus.

"Let's all go and see the boxers at—"

"Montgomery Hall," continued Maurice.

"Good idea; who shows?" queried Gus.

"Lots of 'em *billed*," answered Powers.

"We'll go anyhow," cried Lorromer; and the party started forth. The night was an awful one, for it was bitterly cold, and the wind swept keenly from the northward, bearing upon it the frost of the Arctic region, while huge masses of clouds overspread the sky. Our party, however, paid but little heed to this; simply buttoning their overcoats up, and drawing on their heavy fur gloves, they proceeded rapidly up Broadway.

Montgomery Hall (as probably nine-tenths of our readers know) is in Prince street, and it was not long ere our friends reached it. The hall was occupied by as motly a crowd as is often witnessed. Aldermen, supervisors, gamblers, citizens of note, pickpockets, clergymen, and all sorts of society were huddled indiscriminately together. Upon the platform at the end of the room two men were engaged, with the aid of huge boxing-gloves, in contributing to the amusement of the spectators, by giving each other a pummelling. Cheers, and shouts, and groans went up from the multitude, as the the favorite of the majority of them obtained or lost an advantage.

Gus immediately on entering the room obtained a seat in the front rank of benches, and amused himself by delivering sage advice to the combatants on the stage. The rest of the party amused themselves in watching Gus' antics, and observing the crowd gathering in the room. At the expiration of an hour, however, the sport grew wearisome, and the party retired.

"Where now?" asked Lorromer, as they regained the street.

"Billiards, ten cents a game," said Gus, reading a sign that was planted over a lager bier establisment.

"That's a go," said Fenner; "we'll play a cheap game of billiards."

Accordingly they descended, and immediately seized upon a table, the beds of which were pine wood, and the cushions—heaven knows what. Extraordinary were the caroms made on this table, and the crowd of Teutonic gentlemen gathered around indulged in various sneers and marks of contempt, until Gus produced a sensation by whispering to the landlord that Fenner was no other than Mike Phelan out on a lark; and the barkeeper having announced this fact in a mysterious tone to his friends, and Fenner being really a good player, the Dutchman watched the proceedings with intense interest.

Among those who had sneered the loudest at the players, was one particularly rotund Dutchman, who had made most invidious comparisons between the style of Phelan, and Hans, of Detroit. He was standing at the edge of the table, when Gus drew back his cue with tremendous force, and deposited the butt of it full into the stomach of the Teutonic Lambert. A howl of rage and pain issued from the man, and he asked why it was done.

Gus' reply was couched in the classic and elegant language of "slang." He inquired in the most respectful manner as to the "welfare of the German's dog," desired to know if he "could keep a hotel," and finally requested him to "howld on for a while till he cut a watermelon."

This served rather to excite than diminish the German's anger, and calling on his fellow-countrymen to rally around him, he shouted—"You tam Americanish, I vill preak your head."

"We'll argue the point," replied Gus. "In the first place—"

"Yah, dat ish in de first place."

"You can't do it. Secondly, you've no right to do it. Thirdly, you shan't do it," continued Mordaunt.

"Verfluchter," cried the Dutchman, advancing with a threatening motion.

"Softly—softly, my friend," interposed Harry; "if this gentleman (pointing to the fat man) considers himself much aggrieved, I have no doubt a liberal application of lager will tend to diminish his sorrow."

"Nein! nein!" ejaculated fatty.

"We'll try it, at all events. Landlord, lager for the crowd!" cried Harry.

This unexpected and liberal offer so far mollified the angry feelings of the assembluge, that they set up a cry of peace, and in a moment afterwards they were all engaged in discussing a glass of the renowned beverage.

"The fray is o'er, the battle's fought, and *we*, we are conquerors," cried Gus, as the party emerged from the saloon.

A short consultation was held, and then the whole party proceeded hastily down the street until they reached Howard, down which they turned, stopping before a door over which hung a transparency bearing this inscription—"Dancing Assembly—every night. Admittance 25 cents."

A long narrow entry led to the dancing room, and this was partially filled with men and boys who were enjoying the strains of the music, and endeavoring to peep in at the motley assemblage who were indulging in the terpischorean exercise.

To a greasy but good-looking man at the door, Harry paid the entrance fee, and the whole assemblage were soon in the hall.

The place was not a large one, about 70 by 20 feet, but was neatly, though plainly fitted up.

The orchestra were seated in a little pigeon box, and at one end of the room was the bar.

The room was crowded with dancers, whose hilarious shouts added much to the excitement of the occasion. The female portion of the assembly were of that frail class, and the male portion was made up of fast men about town.

The arrival of such a good looking, well-dressed party as the latter made up, created quite a flutter in the bosoms of the fair, frail creatures, and they were immediately surrounded by a bevy of the beauties, each and every one claiming that they hadn't danced the whole evening.

Nothing loth, our friends each seized a partner, and were soon whirling away as lively as any of them.

Dances, like every thing else, must end, and this dance was not an exception.

Under pretence of a slight illness, Gus left the hall for a few moments, and hastening to the nearest drug-store, procured one of the most powerful purgatives he could obtain. This was in the shape of a powder, and thrusting it into his vest-pocket, Gus returned to the hall. He had observed that the male's favorite drink was whiskey-skin, and the females, gin. He also observed that the bar-keeper performed the Andersonian trick of drawing both liquors from one cask.

Gus sauntered leisurely up to the bar, and while conversing with the tender, carelessly placed his hand on the bung of the cask. Soon customers came along, heavy and dry, and Gus was enabled to get the bung out. Still he kept his hand on it, and as the bar-keeper again had a rest, Gus kept up a highly interesting conversation with him, concerning various important sporting matters, then, as the unsuspecting dispenser of fluids turned to prepare a drink, Gus, by a rapid movement, raised the bung, and dropped the powder, paper and all, into the cask.

A decanter of liquor is soon used up among a crowd of thirsty dancers; and soon after Mordaunt had resumed his seat, to his intense delight he saw the bar-keeper fill the decanters from the keg.

Never was Gus so lively before; he sang, he talked, and danced, and waltzed, and by his antics kept all in his immediate circle in a roar of laughter.

For an hour did he continue this, in order to divert the attention of his companions from the lateness of the hour, and then he saw that his dose began to work.

Men dancing were suddenly seized with the most intense pain. Women began to decline dancing, and it was not long ere there was a hurrying to and fro. Nearly all in the room, save our own party, were at the same time seized with an almost irresistible desire to visit the street.

To every one but Gus, this scene was a perfect mystery, and created the most unbounded astonishment, but to him it was a source of exquisite pleasure.

At length, however, the room was nearly vacant, and then our party again started forth.

"What the devil could have possessed them folks?" asked Fenner.

"Jalap!" said Gus.

"Boys," said Tom Powers, "as we aint on a first-class tramp to-night, I've got an idea."

"Give us the benefit of it," cried Harry.

"Let us all go down to Williams'."

"Agreed," said all but St. Cecil, who left the party and passed down Broadway.

The four now left, proceeded rapidly in the direction of Church street, down which they turned, and after a short walk, the whole party turned into a basement, from which the sounds of a violin issued.

On opening the door, an extraordinary and an amusing scene presented itself.

The room had a low ceiling, the plaster of which had been knocked off in many places.

In one corner stood two barrels with boards across, behind which were arranged some three or four bottles, and a dozen of inverted tumblers. The opposite corner was occupied by another barrel, on which stood an old shriveled up darkey, who was drawing music from an antiquated violin for several other colored gentlemen and their partners. The room was lighted by candles, and at the side of the room, under one of the dips, were seated three excessively black gentlemen, engaged in the highly interesting game of penny-ante.

The appearance of our friends created much astonishment among the darkies, which was changed to admiration as Harry threw a half dollar to the old wench behind the bar, and bade her treat the party. This unexpected generosity caused the negroes to set up a shout of admiration, and divers and innumerable were the breakdowns, flings, and jigs executed by the happy party.

Some three-quarters of an hour were consumed in this place, and our party again reached the side walk.

"And now," said Harry, "as it is after twelve, I will journey home and retire to my virtuous bed."

But Harry knew not what would happen that night. By accident he turned up Wooster street, and was thinking of Louise and Eva, when, just as he arrived opposite the little two-story house where the latter resided, a shrill scream broke upon his ear.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. GRIM IS UNFORTUNATE.

It was about eight o'clock on this same Friday night, when Mr. Mark Winter entered the new house into which Mr. Richard Hudson had moved after his marriage with Louise Winter.

Mr. Hudson happened to be from home, (an unusual thing with newly married husbands) and the Californian entered into a long conversation with his niece on several topics, the principal one being the mysterious disappearance of Susan.

"It was most onnat'ral queer," he said, "for she was sich a good gal; jist like her mother."

"Uncle Mark," said Louise, or rather Mrs. Hudson, "why do you constantly assume the singular phraseology that you use, when you are as fully competent to speak King's English as I am?"

"Why you see, the fact on it is, Louise, that for a score of years I've been a livin' kind o' rough in among bars and painters, and buffaloes, and Injuns, and trappers, and sich like cattle, till I got kinder used to their ways and talk and sick like. Speakin' o' this reminds me that Lorromer spoke to me about this same thing the other night. Oh! Louise, what a fool that ar young man is."

"Fool, uncle!" echoed Mrs. Hudson.

"Yes, bekase he spends his money so tarnation foolish. But I know who does it; it's that d—d Turk of a Cashton. Louise, I hate that man."

"And why, uncle?"

"Bekase I think he's a double-dyed d—d villain. I'll prove him so one of these days, depend on it."

Some further conversation ensued between the two, until Louise finally excused herself, and Mark Winter, announcing his intention to stay all night, was left alone.

For a while he wandered around the room, looking at the various ornaments and books, until, growing somewhat weary, he seated himself behind the heavy drapery that concealed the windows, and looked into the street. By degrees the warmth of the room, and the stillness, produced their effect upon him, and his head slowly drooped upon his breast, and he fell into a profound slumber.

From this lethargic state he was shortly aroused by the opening of the parlor door, and the entrance therein of Mr. Hudson and the villainous old lawyer, Mr. Peter Grim.

Winter's first thought was to come forward to greet them, but an idea suddenly took possession of him, and he resolved to remain quiet for a few moments, at least, and listen to the conversation of the two men.

"Now, Mr. Grim," said Richard Hudson, drawing a chair to the fire, "your business with me—"

"Is of the utmost importance, Mr. Hudson," answered Grim; "are we alone, sir?"

"To be sure we are; can you not see?" answered Hudson, wondering at the question, the heavy window-curtains effectually concealing Winter.

"To guard against interruption, I will make bold to fasten the door," said Grim, as he turned the key.

"What the devil is the meaning of all this mystery?" demanded Hudson, impatiently.

"Softly, softly, and you shall know," and Grim seated himself at Hudson's side.

"Proceed, sir," said that gentleman.

"Mr. Hudson," asked Grim, in a cross-examining tone, "are you happy, sir?"

"Perfectly so."

"I don't doubt it. Your debts all paid?"

"Sir, you are impertinent."

"Don't get angry, sir. You have a fine wife."

"I have, Sir."

"You love her?"

"I do."

Hudson had determined to humor the lawyer.

"As well as I love my daughter, sir?"

"Have you a daughter?" asked Hudson.

"Ay, sir, a fine girl; poor thing, she's been very unwell ever since one night she went to the Opera."

"Ah!"

"Yes; but I'm in hopes she'll recover soon; but this is not to the point."

"What is?" asked Hudson.

"You shall ascertain. I presume, Mr. Hudson, you prefer living in a house like this to a plainer one?" said Grim.

"Of course, sir."

"You are a man of taste, fond of music, books, paintings, etcetera."

"I am, sir."

"Like good living, rich wines, &c., &c."

"Yes, I must confess I am a *bon vivant*."

"When you came into the possession of your uncle's fortune you were ten thousand dollars in debt."

"Well, sir."

"This debt you paid from that fortune?"

"Of course, sir."

"On squaring up, you found that you had some thirty odd thousands remaining?"

"Very true, sir."

"With this money, you bought this house, ready furnished. You got it at a bargain, Mr. Hudson."

"You are perfectly correct, Mr. Grim."

"You still had fifteen thousand dollars. Not being used to work, you and your wife are content to live on the income of this. At 7 per cent, the interest would be a trifle over one thousand a year.'

"You have a perfect knowledge of my affairs, Mr. Grim," said Hudson.

"I have studied them, sir," was the cool reply. "It is beyond a doubt, Mr. Hudson, that you are felicitating yourself on being a happy man."

"I am," answered Hudson.

"And I have no doubt that you would be much surprised if I were to tell you that there is a man who, by a word, can dash the cup of happiness from your lips, and change the draught to one of disappointment."

"What mean you, sir?" cried Hudson, springing to his feet.

"I mean that there is a man who, by a breath, can blow your happiness to the winds, turn you from this house, and all its brilliant attributes and surroundings, and turn you and your wife into the street, homeless wanderers," said Mr. Grim, with energy.

"Are you mad?" cried Hudson.

"No, I am sane. What I have said is true," answered Grim.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Richard, "an excellent joke, Grim, excellent; but it won't do."

"'Tis no joke, sir, the man lives."

"Who, sir, is the man?"

"*I am*."

"You?" cried Hudson.

"Yes, I," answered the subtle lawyer.

"Explain."

"Be seated, I pray you." The window curtains moved a little.

"Now, Mr. Hudson, I will explain. There were two wills."

"Two wills?" Again the curtains moved.

"Ay, sir;" and Grim went on to detail to Hudson the whole of the particulars regarding the two wills of George Lorromer, that we have recorded in chapter second of this history.

For a few moments Hudson sat as if petrified; then he eagerly grasped the lawyer's hand and cried—

"Is this tale you have told me a true one?"

"As I am a living man, it is."

"But you—you will not betray me, Grim?"

"No! That is, for a proper consideration."

"Consideration? Your terms, what are they?"

"I am very easy."

"Your terms."

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thou— 'twould take two thirds of my money."

"Ten thousand, and the introduction of my daughter Mary into the circle in which you move."

"The last with pleasure, joy; but ten—"

"You can easily spare it."

"I cannot, Grim."

"You have never received the whole of your fortune yet."

"Never received—you are jesting?"

"No—I have kept back the title deeds of lands in the Western States, valued at ten thousand dollars."

"You have, Grim? Then keep them; they are yours."

"Acting on this idea, I brought a warrantee deed along. Have you witnesses here?"

"Yes—there are two servants in the house."

"Your wife will be necessary, also."

"I will ring," and Hudson pulled a bell-cord. "Ah," he added, "I forgot, the door is locked," and he hastened to open it.

"Fortunately, I am a commissioner," said Grim, "and the deed is made out to my wife."

But few moments elapsed ere, according to Hudson's directions, his wife and two of his servants were gathered into the room. Richard explained to Louise that it was some trifling ceremony, in connection with the will; and she, with woman's proverbial indifference to law busi-

ness, paid no attention to the nature of the deed, but affixed her signature unhesitatingly. The two servants subscribed as witnesses, and then retired, and Mrs. Hudson noticed that Mark Winter was absent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES A WILL, Schenectady, N. Y.—*Billiards*—Naming shots in the game of billiards is a new, as well as an irregular thing, and there are no fixed laws for its government; therefore, the question you propound would have to be governed by the "customs of the country." In New York, whenever we have seen a game so played, which has been very seldom, the player was allowed to take points for whatever part of the shot, so to speak, he succeeded in executing. For instance, in naming a pocket and carom if he made the pocket only he was entitled to the points, and so with the carom. The better plan, however, is to have an understanding before commencing play, and allow no player to name more than a single shot, which will prevent disputes.

C. E. B., Old Point Comfort.—"Will you please inform me, in order to decide a bet, if there was ever known a heavier ox than the great Massachusetts bullock, slaughtered in your city a few days ago, and which weighed 3300 lbs, on foot, and netted 2473 lbs. Some of my friends contend that they have seen cattle in the Massachusetts markets weighing 3750 lbs., on foot, and others say that in Baltimore, a few years ago, an ox raised in the West, weighed 4000 lbs. Please decide whether there ever was an ox that weighed more than the 3000 lbs. bullock."..... We have no knowledge of any heavier. If there is, or has been anything to take down this mammoth Massachusetts ox, no doubt this notice will bring us the facts.

SPORT, Philadelphia.—"A and B make a bet on C kicking a certain height; A betting he could, and B betting he could not do it. All the preliminaries being settled, the parties met for the match to come off at the appointed hour. B, on looking at C's boots, objected on account of their being an inch longer than his foot. Upon the objection being made, C and his backers were satisfied to change them for a pair which were the exact length of his foot. B still objected, and wanted to draw out. The stakeholder still holds the money, and is willing to abide by your decision."..... Let the stakeholder give B another chance, and if he, B, objects to the trial being made, hand over the stakes to A.

SPORTING CLUB, Keokuk, Ia.—"In shooting pigeons on the wing, if a pigeon alights on the ground and has touched the ground when shot, can the shooter claim another bird and call it a foul shot, or shall it be scored against him and be called a miss?"..... If a bird is shot while resting on the ground, it counts as a lost bird to the shooter; but the shooter can wait till it takes wing, and if he kills it, it is scored in his favor, providing it has not at any time flown out of bounds.

W. F. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.—The meaning of the popular phrase, "A Roland For An Oliver" is the same as the familiar "Tit for Tat; Kill My Dog, I Kill Your Cat." This may serve for a definition. When the origin is inquired for, much fanciful erudition may be displayed. We believe that the saying originated in the Middle Ages, in reference to two famous jousting knights, Sir Roland and Sir Oliver.

ARENA.—1. Mace certainly won the fight. 2 It is our opinion that King, properly trained, will defeat Mace, should they come together again. By an article elsewhere, it will be seen that Jem Mace believes that King will be the future champion. 3. Young Oliver was referee in the late fight between Mace and King.

SORREL TOP, Grafton, Ill.—1. Daniel O'Connell died in 1847. 2. Lord Nelson was killed at the battle of Trafalgar, on October 21, 1805. 3. The Duke of Wellington died of epilepsy, at Walmer Castle, September 14, 1852. 4. Heenan is champion, and was the last challenger.

LYCOMING, Jersey Shore Pa.—1. A dog of the sort you refer to is difficult to procure; however, a line to Francis Butler, No 3 Peck Slip, N. Y., may achieve the object sought. 2. The Paulet fowls are a genuine breed, and thorough game.

A SUBSCRIBER, N. Y.—Had B informed A of his mis-deal before the hands were played, he (B) could have claimed the game; but as he played the hand out before it was discovered, the count made by both should be taken back, and A repeat his deal.

G. F., Boston.—If you can convince managers of your ability to perform in speaking parts, you may obtain a minor situation when companies are being made up. At present your chances are very slim.

FRANK W., Monches, Wis.—Your state money is rather "queer" here just now, but you can send on what amount you please, and we will give you credit for it, minus the discount.

P. Q. R., N. Y.—We do not know what the men weigh exactly at present, but should think that Elliott might enter the ring at 140lbs, and Winkle at about 135lbs.

J. A. A., West Hoboken.—If B and D are satisfied that C was first in error, and that he and his partner did really win the game, then, as square players, they should pay the score.

J. G. R., Pittsburgh.—You may be a constant reader, but not a very attentive one, if you failed to notice our record of affairs in your city.

DOCTOR, Willoughby, O.—1. In this game the lowest deals, and the seven spot is the lowest card in hand, those below that being laid aside. 2. The cutter has the right to cut them, nothing more.

CON FOLEY, West 42d street.—Ned J., wants to know if you'll go to England, and wallop Mace, or any other man for a thousand dollars! Why not?

HOME GUARD OVER THE LEFT, Pittsburgh.—1. John Morrisey is alive, and well, and in this city at present; he is 31 years of age. 2. John C. Heenan is 27 years of age.

H. H., Providence, R. I.—The company you inquire for were last heard from at Belleville, Canada. You may always find such institutions mentioned in our "General Summary."

S. H., N. Y.—Lew Baker is now in Washington; he has been acting in the capacity of Sutler to the Tammany regiment.

DOUGH BOY, Wheeling, Va.—It was never brought to a fight. Both parties are in this city at present.

A NOVICE.—It is done by careful training. We do not know that there is any particular art practiced.

O. H. D., Philad'a.—It depends altogether upon the ability of the boy, and the liberality of the manager.

W. A. M., Boston.—We do not think he is wealthy. He doubtless has some means, but not a superfluity.

SUBSCRIBER, West Philad'a.—Never having tried it, we cannot "speak by the card."

RATCATCHER.—*We* don't know. Harry Jennings, in Boston, may enlighten you for a small consideration.

MANY FRIENDS, N. Y.—C passing, does not interfere with B's privilege of "straddling."

CONSTANT READER.—We have never seen such a book, and do not believe there is any in the market.

F AND F., Fort Laramie.—Will inquire, and give you the result in our next.

J. WOBURN.—Jack Randall was never defeated in a prize fight.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—We consider that B is the winner.

E. J., Stratford, C. W.—They will cost you $4 00 per pair.

C. J. F., Paducah.—Mr. French is still in the business.

J. A.—A letter sent in our care will be forwarded.

EXPRESS.—He can order it up, and go alone.

P. S. R.—Try the Nonpariel.

A THIRTEEN SHOT.—It has never been our fortune to witness the accomplishment of the above-named feat, but on Saturday evening last we did the next thing to it. It was made in actual play at the saloon of Mr. Kilduff, in Broadway, near 23d street, by a gentleman playing on the table next to the one on which we were "greasing our elbow." It was witnessed by a party of gentlemen, so that there is no doubt whatever of its actual accomplishment. To make thirteen at one shot, the most that can be made, in actual play, is a billiard wonder, and is rarely executed. As in such cases made and provided, the proprietor of the saloon started the corks of sundry bottles of wine, which were disposed of satisfactorily to all present, we presume, as considerable mirth ensued. Parties in the neighborhood of the Fifth Avenue Hotel should not forget Kilduff's when they wish to have a quiet game at billiards, with all the adjuncts in first-rate order.

A CLUB HOUSE is one of the ornaments of Denver City, and is the resort of all good men and true in the sporting line there. It is presided over, we learn, by two trumps, named respectively Ford and McClintock, who see to it that nothing of a deteriorating character at any time occurs. From accounts reaching us, we are of the opinion that the sports and sportsmen of Denver are by no means behind those of any other portion of Uncle Sam's dominions.

A VALUABLE PRIZE.—Among the prizes captured by the federal soldiers at Fort Donelson, was a rifle valued at $1000, its breech being inlaid with the finest gold. It belonged, it is said, to a hotel keeper in Memphis, and was won by him at a horse race. Trifling with Uncle Sam is a losing game, for he won't be bluffed off with such a trifle as a $1000 rifle.

BENDIGO.—Our London correspondent informs us that Jerry Noon was up for a benefit on the 17th Feb., when he would be prepared to match Harry Poulson against the world for £100. The renowned Bendigo had promised to show.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

ELSEWHERE we give the full details of the recent fight between Joe Goss and Ryall, better known as Brettle's Big Un. Goss is the one who challenged Mace for the Championship, after the latter defeated King, and the present fight was looked forward to as a test of Goss's ability to contend with Mace for the Champion Belt. The result has, no doubt, disappointed the friends of Goss, for his set-to with Ryall has not added to his reputation. After a fight, or an appearance in the ring of more than three hours, and an evident desire on the part of both men to leave off, the referee ordered them to go on with the fight, or give it up altogether. The latter hint was enough for them, and in the last round, which occupied *nearly one hour, and in which time not a blow was struck*, the men agreed to call it a draw; and thus ended this trial fight for the championship. Goss attributes his failure to win to an injury he sustained in one of his arms at an early stage of the battle. It may be so. Ryall, who did not challenge Mace, was just as good as Goss, and at times better. We do not believe that Goss will consider it advisable to go on with his proposed match with Mace, who, we learn, had covered Goss' £5, and signified his intention to meet Goss on the 21st Feb., to sign articles.

Should Goss forfeit, then the field is open again. Who will be the next customer? Will King try it again, or will he prefer to travel with Mace, and give exhibitions? He and Mace are now on the best of terms. What has John C Heenan to say to Mace's reiterated desire to fight him? Mace is making his boasts, and makes no disguise of his hopes that Heenan will meet him in the Ring, and fight him for the Championship. Mace will not come here. What says the Boy? Will he give Master Mace the chance he seems to court? Let us hear what you have to say, John, that we may enlighten Mister Mace, and give him your *ultimatum*. We see that King, who fought Mace, was matched with Nat Langham to run a foot-race of one hundred yards. The big 'un *ought* to win.

JACK MACDONALD AND "BELL'S LIFE."

In its report of the late fight between Mace and King, *Bell's Life* gave a sort of left-handed wipe at Jack Macdonald in this wise:—"King being erquired by Bos Tyler and a once respected member of the P.R., of whom the less said the better." Of course, everybody knew to whom this referred, and Jack Macdonald, it appears, took an early opportunity to call upon the writer of the notice in question, to seek an explanation; and the following is an account of the interview, as we find it recorded in *Bell's Life* of Feb 9:—

"In our account of the match between King and Mace it will be remembered we purposely omitted the name of one of King's seconds, a circumstance which has led to numerous inquiries, and also to a visit to our office from the second in question (Jack Macdonald). Macdonald called to ask our reason for thus, as it were, tabooing him, and on our suggesting that his own feelings might perhaps suggest a cause, he positively denied that he had done anything to deserve such treatment. We then called to his mind certain libellous and untrue attacks repeatedly made upon us in certain American journals, giving him (Macdonald) as the authority. We reminded him that these attacks, or many of them, had been made while he was in America, and although he knew that they were false, and was also aware that to us alone he was indebted for being employed at all by Heenan, he had yet permitted them to appear without attempting to contradict them. Further, we reminded him that many charges had been quoted as made against us by him behind our backs, which were perfectly false, and yet he had never denied having made them. Macdonald, on hearing this, declared most solemnly that he never made any such statements, and also denied authorising the attacks in the American papers; assuring us positively THAT HE WAS AT ENMITY WITH THE EDITORS OF THOSE PAPERS, WHO HAD MERELY TAKEN NOTICE OF HEENAN TO GET WHAT THEY COULD OUT OF HIM, and had published the statements to do him (Macdonald) an injury, AND WOULD NOT HAVE PERMITTED HIS CONTRADICTIONS TO APPEAR IF HE HAD SENT THEM. He had attacked the chief of these individuals publicly for his conduct, AND HAD COMPELLED HIM TO APOLOGISE, which was the utmost he could do. Macdonald promised he would write us a letter for publication, containing his denials—a letter which he would defy any one to contradict, which letter we shall be glad to insert when we receive it. We have no wish to injure any man, and we shall with great pleasure, on finding Macdonald's statement to be correct, do what we can to clear him from unfounded accusations.

This is *Bell's Life's* account of the interview, and, in the main, may be correct; but we prefer to await the publication of Jack's promised letter before making any remarks upon the subject. We trust that in writing his letter, Macdonald will be very explicit in what he says. Give us names, places, and dates, in black and white, so that there may be no twisting—no turning—no wriggling. In the meantime, as the newspapers say, let us "suspend judgment," and await the appearance of Jack Macdonald's letter.

THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.—The billiard match between Kavanagh and Foley, which is to be played at Cleveland on Thursday evening, 6th inst., is now the leading topic in the sporting world, and more particularly among billiard players themselves. The interest manifested in it, is only second to that shown during the match between Phelan and Seereiter, at Detroit, on April 12, 1859, when vast sums of money changed hands, and the Detroit speculators were almost cleaned out. At the same place, also, on the previous day, Kavanagh and Foley had a set-to, which the former won by just coming in at the death with a run of 177 when all hopes of his winning were all but annihilated. The closeness of their former match, and the great improvement both men have made in their play, are the causes for the great interest manifested in their present encounter, and so evenly are they rated by those posted, that anything like material odds are not offered by either side, although odds of 5 to 4 on Kavanagh have been offered and accepted in this city, by some who, we fear, have not given Foley credit for being as good a player as he is. We presume, also, that there have been those in Cleveland, who have as unwisely considered it a sure thing for Foley, and have not given Kavanagh full credit for his abilities. As we stated last week, Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh have already left for the scene of action, where they were expected to arrive on Saturday last, after having made brief sojourns at various places *en route*. For the earliest *authentic* report of the encounter, the CLIPPER may, as usual, be relied on; for the earliest telegraphic news, stating whether Foley has been foiled, or Kavanagh caved in, those who make their headquarters at Mr. Phelan's rooms, corner of Tenth street and Broadway, on Thursday evening 6th inst., will be in the most direct channel. Supposing that play begins at 7 P. M., it is not probable that it will be concluded before one or two o'clock on the following morning.

JOHN BRGBT.—HANDSWORTH, England, February 12, '62.—FRIEND QUINN—I enclose to you a copy of a note I have just received from the "great reformer," John Bright. It is in reply to a letter I addressed to Mr. B congratulating him on the beneficial effects already apparent, of a speech he had delivered in favor of the United States government, and its present policy. Here is Mr. Bright's note:—

4 HANOVER STREET, LONDON, Feb. 10, 1862.

DEAR SIR:—I am much obliged to you for your friendly letter. If my speech of the 4th December last has had the least effect here or in the States, in contributing to a more kindly feeling between the two countries, I am amply repaid.

I think opinion in this country is more informed, and therefore more just than it was, and that the restoration of the Union would give great satisfaction to all except those who are moved by a miserable jealousy of your great prosperity and power. The declarations made by the Ministers since the meeting of Parliament, and the improving tone of some of our journals, induce me to believe that there is a growing faith in the power of your Government to maintain the integrity of your noble country. Thanking you for your kind letter, I am, very truly yours, JOHN BRIGHT.

MR. EDWIN JAMES, 10 St. James' Terrace, Handsworth, near Birmingham.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION IN BOSTON.—The admirers of such exercises as minister to the development of the physique, were much gratified by a gymnastic display, given at the Tremont Gymnasium, Boston, Mass., on the evening of the 27th ult, under the direction of the principal, Prof. John C. Doldt. The exercises consisted of feats with the clubs and dumb bells, and on the horizontal and parallel bars, suspended rings, magic ladders, trapeze, high bars, vaulting horse, &c., at which the pupils exhibited their proficiency, and met with much applause from the spectators, of whom there were a great many present, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. This establishment, of which the above named Professor is the instructor, and C. H Bacon, the proprietor, has the reputation of being one of the best gymnasiums in the country.

HORSE TALK.—It is suggested that now is a good time to purchase first class equines, the chances for picking up a sound animal being altogether in the purchaser's favor, since the government has bought up all those not "sound in wind and limb."

FIXED.—Skating clubs have become, it appears, fixed institutions with us, a fact which is pleasing, considering the great good that will ensue. The Nassau Skating Club of Brooklyn, was to have held its annual meeting on the evening of the 3d inst., for the election of officers for the ensuing term, at the office of the Montauk Insurance Company.

A THIRTY MILES RUNNING RACE,

FOR $5000.

Considerable interest has been manifested for some time past, by the turfites of San Francisco and California generally, but more particularly by the native portion, in reference to the progress of a running race for the above amount, and of the above distance, between two "mustangs," one called Alamino, owned by Meliton Alviso, the other named the Sellala Gray, owned by Don Fernando Sepulveda. The former animal is a strawberry roan, about 15 hands high, rather leggy and Priam like in build, and short-bodied. The latter is a snug-built dapple gray, 14 hands and 3 inches high, and strongly built. Livermore mounted the gray, and a Mexican the roan. On the day of the race, Jan. 13, 1862, the Willow Course was thronged with spectators to witness the event. In betting the grey was largely the favorite at the start, at 100 to 80, and the vigorous "lunge" he made at the start showed that he was certainly not deficient in speed, for he took the track before fairly entering the turn, and dashed up the back-stretch in fine style, though the roan appeared to be a more raking galloper and an easier mover, as he came on carelessly, though he shoved through the first mile in 2:12. The grey still pushed indomitably ahead, his rider leaning forward in an unaccountable manner, and pulling a little on one of the reins of his curb. A smart run at the close of the second mile ended in the grey passing the score ahead, but the roan went up to him on the turn and was "hipped out" all the way to the quarter, where they moderated down to a hand canter, the grey leading through each mile up to the run through the quarter-stretch on the tenth mile, when the roan came to the fore, but was deprived of the lead at the quarter, the grey showing a fine burst of heels It did seem as if he could outrun the roan on any part of the ground, but Alamino's rider sat motionless as a statue, keeping his horse well together by laying towards his croup, saving his nag's power. The eleventh mile, and each succeeding one up to the half of the sixteenth, were characterized by singular brushes and spurts of speed displayed by Livermore, who would pull behind at one time, and forge ahead the next minute with a brush worthy of Langford or Rifleman. On closing the sixteenth mile, the roan led to the cords, when Livermore gave the grey rein and passed him, taking first the track and then leading through the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth, when the roan got to the front and kept a lead through each mile to the close of the twenty-second, when the Sellala grey came on with a rush, and passed the score four lengths ahead. He shook the roan off continuously through every mile up to the head of the stretch on the twenty-sixth round, when an earnest rally ensued, which ended in the roan getting ahead. The grey made a short stop in the turn, and then, after being a hundred yards behind, ran up, on emerging from the quarter-pole, and gave the roan a lively wrestle through the back stretch, where he failed, right in the half-mile ground, and the roan still led him to the finish of the twenty seventh. Now the grey roused for a final effort, but again missed his aim, and they went through the back-stretch at a gait little faster than a walk, the roan dropping behind at the half-mile, and suffering the grey to take the lead, crowding him well through the rising ground, but never offering to take the lead in this mile, in which the grey led. Now the excitement rose to fever heat, and the backers of the grey shouted "Bueno por Selalla," as they raced up the back side, the roan keeping a neck in the rear. Down into the hollow they went, and everybody expected to see a rush up the hill, but the roan came around leisurely, and finished the mile (29) four lengths ahead. After passing the end of the stretch the grey stopped short (just where Livermore pulled him up before) and after a specimen of buckjumping, made a feeble rush for the stable, amid loud cries of "Maledito Indiano!" from the backers of the quadruped. But the indomitable Alamino still "pursued the even tenor of his way" till on reaching the head of the stretch four or five of Alviso's friends went up and tried to brush him through, but failed, and his rider landed him at the cords, covered with mud and glory, in 1:32:54. Summary:—

WILLOWS' TROTTING PARK, San Francisco, Monday, Jan. 13, 1862.—Match for $5,000, to run thirty miles, each to carry 125 lbs.

Meliton Alviso's r g Alamino.....1
Fernando Sepulveda's g g The Sellala Grey.....2

TIME.

Miles.	*Miles.*	*Miles.*	*Miles.*	*Miles.*
1—2:12	7—3 00	13—3:13	19—3:47	25—3:37
2—2:30	8—3:00	14—2:59	20—3:27	26—3:09
3—2:35	9—3:12	15—3:02	21—3:27	27—3:13
4—2:45	10—3:01	16—3:23	22—3:20	28—3:46
5—2:41	11—2:40	17—3:12	23—2:43	29—3:35
6—2:56	12—3:16	18—3:02	24—2:50	30—3:21

Total, 1:32:54.

The sums of money that changed hands were enormous. Alviso won over five thousand head of cattle, besides a considerable amount of *oro*.

A JOCKEY CLUB IN DENVER CITY.—The far west is fast falling into line in the way of sports, and we learn by late advices from the above named city, in Colorado Territory, that they now have a Jockey Club, founded under the most favorable auspices, the leading men of that vicinity being enrolled on its membership list. Its officers are James M Broadwell, President; A. C. Baldwin, 1st Vice President; A. Benham, 2d Vice President; and E. C. Jacobs, Secretary. Their race track is located pleasantly, about one mile from the city, and on Feb. 15th, a race was to have been run thereon, for $2000, single dash of five miles, to harness, between James M. Broadwell's grey pacer Lightning, and E. W. Jacobs' brown trotter Dick. In addition to the main stake, a large sum of money was wagered in outside bets.

A foot race was also to take place on Feb. 15th, on the above track, for $600, between George Adams, alias Missouri Pet, and Bill Kendrick, alias Saratoga Pet. The men are both said to be fast, the former having already defeated Carter, for $100 a side, in a hundred yards race, by fifteen feet.

COCKING MAIN.—In Philadelphia, on the 8th Feb., a main of cocks was fought between that city and Baltimore, at a pit in Callowhill street near 18th. The main was to show 21 cocks, and fight all that fell in, for $60 a battle, and $200 the odd. Fourteen battles were fought, of which Baltimore won nine, and Philadelphia five. John Dickson handled for Philadelphia, and George Palmer for Baltimore. Abe Shetzline was judge for Philadelphia, and David Parkhill was judge for Baltimore. Philadelphia was badly beaten. We have always been under the impression that the Quaker City could produce the best fighting stock to be found, but this main does not speak much in their favor. Baltimore showed some really superior birds, and Matt Rusk, who seems to have been interested in the main, on the part of Philadelphia, has to take a back seat as a breeder of superior fighting cocks.

ANOTHER MAIN.—The return main between Albany and Troy was fought in Troy on the 12th. Albany won six out of the ten battles fought. This makes it "one and."

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-tf

PRIZE FIGHT ON STATEN ISLAND.—A quiet little mill came off on Staten Island, about two miles from Factoryville, on Monday morning last, March 3d, between John Dorsey and Johnny Morrison. The match was for $50 a side, and was conducted privately, and on the quiet. The parties made their way to the Island on Sunday evening, and were ready for business at an early hour on the following morning. There were no ropes and stakes, but a ring was formed by the spectators taking each other by the hand. About 7 o'clock A. M. the men entered the circle, Dorsey being waited upon by Mike Murphy and Tom O'Brien, of Williamsburg, while Morrison received the attentions of two friends. On getting into position, both men presented a robust appearance, although it was evident that no proper training had been undergone. Neither man, we believe, ever fought a prize fight before, although they have taken part in several turn-ups. The fight seems to have been well contested on both sides, and some severe punishment was dealt out, Morrison receiving the lion's share, however. Morrison got first blood, while Dorsey gained the first knock-down. Morrison had a little the best of the fighting up to about the 10th round, when Dorsey improved, and gave his opponent a very ugly fall, which seemed to have injured him very severely, and from the 26th round it was apparent that Dorsey would win. They fought 42 rounds in all. In the 42d round, Morrison came up nearly blind, and Dorsey hit him on the side of the head, which sent him to earth, and his seconds perceiving that their man was done for, threw up the sponge, and Dorsey was declared the winner. The fight lasted 1 hour and 37 minutes. Both men exhibited much courage, the loser being as game a pug as one would wish to see. He did his best to win, but Dorsey carried too many guns for him. There was no disturbance, and everything went off quietly; the "blues" were not in the way at all, and were probably thrown off the scent. Dorsey called upon us soon after returning to the city. His injuries are principally about the body. His head shows some few marks of the handiwork of his opponent, but they do not amount to much. Morrison's head shows some bad marks, and his eyes are in bad condition from the frequent visitations they received. Dorsey weighs about 160 lbs., and is about 5 feet 8 inches in height; Morrison is about the same height, and weighs rather more than his opponent. Tom Hogan was referee. "All is now quiet on the Island."

PUGILISM IN COLORADO.—"Science" is being gradually developed in Colorado. A Charles Switz has been giving boxing exhibitions in Leavenworth, and styling himself "Champion of Colorado." One of Con Orem's friends disputes Switz's right to any such title, and says:—"Mr. Switz has never fought a regularly contested ring fight in this country. His statement that he has challenged Con Orem, the true 'champion of Colorado,' and that the latter declined to fight him is untrue. No such challenge has ever passed, and if it had, would not have been refused, though I believe Mr. Orem does not desire to again enter the ring." Now, who knows but what a territorial champion fight may be the result of the dispute.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB'Y 24.—Caggy Wilson and Milky—£10 a side, Birmingham.
25.—J. Cowlishaw and J Smith—£25 a side, Birmingham.
MARCH 13.—Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, at 10st 2 lb.
17.—Toddy Middleton and Young MacNulty—£10 a side, catch weight, Birmingham.
25.—George King and Patsey Reardon—£50, Home circuit.
25.—Baldock and J. Brookes—£25 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.
APRIL 1.—Bandoff and Hopkins—£10 a side, catch weight, Home Circuit.
8.—Morris Phelan and Harry Allen—£25 a side, Birmingham.
—.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit
15.—W. Thorpe and George Henley—Thorpe staking £25 to £20, at 10st 12lb, Home circuit.
22.—Nobby Hall and C Wilkinson—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb.
29.—Jessee Hatton and Micky Gannon—£50 a side, at catch weight, Home circuit.

CHAMPIONSHIP TRIAL FIGHT
BETWEEN
GOSS AND RYALL,
ON TUESDAY, FEB. 11.

From Sporting Life, (London.) Feb. 12.

The long-expected battle between Joe Goss, of Northampton, and Wm. Ryall, of Birmingham, for £100 a side, took place on the above date, in the metropolitan district, at a well-known locality, and, from the fact of the same men having contested together for £50 a side in September last, the issue of the present mill was looked forward to with great interest. The present match arose from Ryall having much the best of the fighting in the previous contest, which made the friends of the Big'un sanguine respecting a second encounter, when they rightly believed he would have gained more experience. Both men went into good work soon after the match was in fair progress. The contest did not take any very great hold on the minds of the metropolitan fancy, although speculation was rife in Birmingham and neighborhood. But on Goss leaving a fiver as a deposit to make a match with Jem Mace, to fight for £200 a side and the Championship, a fresh impetus was given to the languid interest that was previously evinced in the match, and a number of the upper-ten thousand were on the *qui vive* to ascertain the whereabouts, &c., which was fixed at a very early hour. As both men have been before the public so recently, a short account of their battles will suffice.

Joe Goss and his performances are well-known, and thoroughly appreciated by the fancy located in the midland district, but although always looked upon as a promising and rising pugilist, it was not until his defeat of William Ryall (Bob Brettle's Big 'Un), on the 25th of last September, that he established for himself a real reputation amongst the metropolitan followers of the Prize Ring, who rallied round him in great force when a second match was made with his previous formidable antagonist, at Bob Brettle's, November 2, 1861. Articles were drawn up the following week, to fight for £100 a side, on February 11, in the home (London) circuit. The great resolution and gameness displayed by Joe Goss in the former contest, must be fresh in the memory of our readers, more especially from the fact of the tenth round having been one of almost unexampled severity as regards the counters, &c., as well as duration, it having lasted no less than *fifty-seven minutes*. Up to this round Goss apparently had much the worst of the battle, but a change took place from that time, as the battle was fought very evenly until the twenty fourth round, in which Goss was thrown by the Novice, who fell over him with his head bent in to his chest, so that at first it was supposed his (Ryall's) neck was dislocated. From this time Goss forced the fighting in a manner that took the spectators to a man by surprise, and, improving in strength, while Ryall was falling weaker, he gallantly won the battle, after fighting thirty seven rounds, which occupied 2 hours and 50 minutes. Joe Goss was born November 26, 1839, at Northampton (being consequently in his twenty-third year), and stands 5ft. 8½ inches, and, on the present occasion, weighed 10st 9 lb. After sundry successful turns up, in which he showed one of the principal requirements for the prize ring—viz, plenty of pluck, he made his first appearance within the ropes and stakes about five years since with one George Ayres, of Lone Buckley, for £5 a side, whom he defeated comfortably in 1 hour 20 min. This success found him friends, who backed him against Rixon, of great provincial reputation; but after a good battle, which lasted 3 hours 2 min., the police interfered. But so much was the affair in the present hero's favor, that Rixon gave him £7 to draw the money. We next hear of his meeting Jack Rooke, of Birmingham, for £25 a side, in the same ring that Tom Sayers and Bob Brettle fought, on September 20, 1859. Again was Goss victorious, in 1 hour and 40 min., during which time sixty-four rounds were fought. In the same year, November 29, he forfeited £25 a side to Price, of Bilston, being over weight. Afterwards beat Price, £10 to £8. In 1860, he beat C. Patchell, of Wolverhampton, a giant in comparison with Goss, £10 a side, in four rounds, which lasted 17 min. His next match was with Harry (Bodger) Crutchley, £100 a side, which took place at Wallingford Road, July 17, 1860, when Goss was again victorious, after fighting 3 hours and 20 min. He then had a rest until September 24, 1860, when he defeated W. Ryall, £50 a side, down the river, after a severe battle, which lasted 2 hours and 50 min., thirty-seven rounds having been gallantly contested. For the present contest he trained at Mr. Savage's, Wolverhampton, attended by Jack Rigby, who, by attention, reduced him from over 13st to his present weight. On Saturday, Goss went to Northampton, where he took up his quarters at Mr. Thomas' until Monday morning, when he started for London, arriving about noon, accompanied by a few friends. His headquarters in the Metropolis were at Mr. W. Tupper's, Waterloo Road.

William Ryall, (Bob Brettle's Big-'un) is a native of Birmingham, is twenty-six years of age, 5ft 10½in in height, and about 11st 6lb in weight. He has only once before the present occasion shown in the ring, which was with his present opponent, to whom he was obliged to succumb, after fighting thirty seven rounds in two hours and fifty minutes, on September 24, 1861, for £50 a side. So well did he perform in this, his maiden battle, that his friends determined to give him another trial with Joe Goss, and a small deposit was staked at Brettle's, the White Lion, Digbeth, which was increased, and articles drawn up the following week. Deposits were made weekly, and the final deposit of £30 a side was staked on Friday, Feb. 7, with the final stakeholder, and arrangements entered into to bring the affair to a satisfactory conclusion. Bill Ryall had trained at Whittington, under the watchful eye of Joe Wareham. Ryall's weight when he went into training was over 14st, which by great care and work he had brought down to 11st 6lb. He made his home in London at W. Richardson's, Shoreditch, from which hostelry he took his departure for the field of battle.

On Monday night, the sporting houses in the East were crowded, more especially W. Richardson's, from whence Ryall took his departure. Tupper's, the Greyhound, was also crammed full to suffocation, and the few wagers that were laid on the battle were at 7 to 4 on Joe Goss. A fresh place of meeting was arranged overnight, the start being from the Thames Tunnel Pier, on the Middlesex side of the river, a steam tug having been engaged, and "ten bob" the figure charged to excursionists. The early hour of the morning, however, fixed upon for leaving the moorings, made it certain that the spots of ground "down the river," from which interruption might be feared, would be passed almost before daybreak. The entrance to the pier was thrown open soon after six o'clock, and the chartered vessel took up her station alongside. The arrangements made were certainly first-rate, and the managers of the trip, as soon as they had a sufficient number on board, left the pier to the minute of their time, leaving a numerous company to cool their heels at their leisure. Among others left behind was Jem Mace, who, however, hired a steam tug for himself and a few friends, that he might not lose an opportunity of seeing how Joe Goss acquitted himself. The river was overhung with a dense fog, making careful steering and a sharp look-out necessary, as the "belligerent vessel" steamed through the various craft dropping up with the tide. Nothing worthy of notice took place during the trip, a few small bets only being made at 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Goss. The first attempt to bring off the affair was made shortly after nine o'clock, and no time was lost in getting the ropes and stakes into ship-shape form, and Goss was the first to throw in his cap, attended by a couple of well-known retired pugilists. Ryall was soon after him, having Bob Travers and Joe Wareham as his seconds. There was a delay in the appointment of the referee, which having been got over, they tossed for corners; Ryall winning, chose that corner where the sun would have been behind him had he shone ahead. The inner and outer rings were soon formed, and thoroughly well kept by Billy Duncan, inspector of the P B A., assisted by an East end pub., Dooney Harris, Dan Collins, Jerry Noon, Tom Paddock, and Jemmy Norton, who, to a man, did their duty, every one having a fair view throughout. The betting was 2 to 1 on Goss, laid and accepted freely. The colors of the men—chocolate, with a white violet check, for Ryall, and a puce, with a white and black stripe, for Goss—having been tied to the stake, the men shook hands, and commenced operations, at 10 A M., for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men were delivered at the scratch the appearance of both was closely scrutinised, and as they stood sparring, the great difference in height was very apparent. Ryall was in fair condition, the muscles of his shoulders and back being visible, but covered with two much loose flesh to please the eye of a severe critic, while a protuberance below the waistband also looked as if he was short of work. He stood in a very artistic attitude, with his left well advanced, which played with great freedom from the shoulder. The right was well across the body, ready for a stop or to be sent out with telling effect. Joe Goss was in first-rate fettle, the prominent muscles of his shoulders and back standing out like bosses of bronze. The muscles of the ribs were apparently only covered with the thinnest of skins, while the sinews and thews of his lengthy arms rose and fell like whipcord attached to bone. His loins are broader, and apparently stronger than those of his antagonist, supported by a pair of sturdy understandings, which would be models for an anatomist to study. The men stood for a few seconds looking at each other, and sending out their left as a feeler, but both being very wide awake, they sprang away simultaneously from danger, and walking round each other, renewed the same cautious tactics. These manœuvres were displayed on both sides for some time, Goss waiting for Ryall to lead off, and the latter, playing 'possum, would not be had. At length, Goss was impatient for the ice to be broken, and he dashed in, but was met by a left-hander on the left eye, which drew first blood (claimed and allowed for Ryall). They then rallied right and left, both being very

busy at the head until they closed, when they were both down after a sharp tussle. Time, 3 min.

2. Goss came up bleeding from the cut under his left eye, his left ear swollen, and a flush on the forehead. Ryall was slightly flushed on the left cheek and temple. They both sparred very cautiously, and feinted in turn, each getting out of distance cleverly. On getting within shot, Ryall feinted, Goss jumped away, and then took a walk, looking viciously at his big opponent, who stood in the middle of the ring, and faced him as he walked round. Both men were pursuing the same course of fighting. Goss trying to gammon Ryall to lead off, who was also waiting for Joe to take the initiative. On getting within reach, Ryall led off very short at the body, and slipped, Goss missing an opportunity by being too late in his return. The same dodging and sparring ensued for a length of time, until Ryall crept close, and dashed out his left at the head, which was prettily stopped by Goss, who then retreated laughing. Ryall took some advice from Bob Brettle. On getting within shot, Goss dashed in with his left at the head, and his right on the shoulder, the latter open-handed; Ryall succeeded in getting on the mouth and nose, and Goss returned on the cheek open-handed. They then closed, and Ryall swung Goss down, and fell over him. Time, 26m.

3. On time being called, Goss came up with his eye cut and bleeding, his nose flushed, and his left arm with a red mark, from a well-intended left-hander in the previous round. Ryall had his left ear swollen, and some red marks on the chest. They commenced proceedings by cautious sparring, neither feeling inclined to force the pace. At length Ryall got on the body a little one with the left, when more sparring took place, each pursuing the tactics that had been previously played. After a long spar, Goss rushed in with both hands, when exchanges took place, Goss on the cheek with the left, Ryall on the head. They then closed, and Goss fought Ryall down, and fell over him on his right shoulder. Time, 29min.

4. Goss had his left eye cut and darkened, his nose swelled, and his shoulder flushed; Ryall had his left cheek flushed, and his forehead slightly bruised. More tedious sparring, each breaking away in turn, and again coming together to play the same game, until Goss went resolutely to work in close quarters, where a couple of exchanges on the head and ear took place, when they closed and fought to the ropes and fell through them; Ryall under.

5 No time was lost in coming to the scratch, each being warmed up by the exchanges in the last round, and they sparred resolutely for an opening, but gradually fell into the cautious playing of the previous round, each in turn being short, and retreating from an exchange. This continued until Ryall sent out his left a chop, which was woefully short. On his following Goss, left-handed counters took place, Goss getting on the mouth, Ryall on the cheek and again on the mark; Joe, missing a real vicious one from Bill's right, went in ding-dong, catching it on the eye, and closing, a sharp struggle took place to the ropes, where both went down, Ryall under. Time, 1 hour 6 min.

6. Ryall came up first to time, and stood for a short period waiting for Goss, who had stayed to have his left eye wiped ere he faced the "Big 'Un." They sparred for a few seconds, when Goss forced the fighting, and some good exchanges took place, Goss getting well on the cheek, Ryall on the left eye, when they closed, and after a struggle for the fall, both were down, side by side.

7. The men up to time together, but rather slowly, and blowing from the fast fighting in the previous round. After sparring for an opening Ryall led off with his left, which was rather short, as well as being prettily stopped by Goss In the second attempt, he got his left well home on the ribs; Goss returning on the forehead. Ryall, after creeping to within distance again, delivered the left at the body, Goss following suit on the ribs with the right, rushed in, and closed at the ropes, where, after a good bout of wrestling, both were down. Time, 1 hour 10 min.

8. While the men were trying for an opening, Goss put on a determined look, and sparred very viciously until he got to close quarters. Here some good exchanges took place with both hands on the head and cheek, until they fought wildly to a close, when Goss threw Ryall, but, in the fall, was twisted under.

9. Goss came up bleeding from the left eye; Ryall flushed on the cheek and left ear. They sparred for a few seconds, when Goss dashed in, and got on the mouth and cheek, Ryall, in the return, getting on the left eye, opening another wound. Goss then closed, but Ryall, the stronger, broke away, but Joe, determined again, dashed in and clenched him, and gained the fall.

10 Goss had the cuts under his eye bleeding. Ryall, excepting a few bumps on the top of the head, and left cheek flushed, and his mouth slightly swelled, was unscathed. Some very cautious sparring on both sides, when Ryall was short at the body with his left, and began business at the head. This brought on exchanges, Goss landing on the head and Ryall on the cheek, when Joe dashed in, and, regardless of Ryall's half-armed hitting on the ribs, cross-buttocked him.

11 Ryall was the first up, with scarcely a mark; the Northampton hero having now fresh marks on the body, and getting savage, went in right and left, and, notwithstanding all Ryall's weaving, closed, and fought him to the ropes, where both were down after a merry bout of wrestling; Goss under.

12. After more cautious sparring, Ryall led off with his left at the body, getting on cleverly. More sparring, in which great caution was displayed on both sides. Goss slipped in sparring, when Ryall landed his left on the body, but rather short. Again he visited the ribs, when more sparring took place, until Goss dashed in, and the Big-un turned away, and Goss, seizing the opportunity, got on well with both hands on the side of the head, when Ryall recovered, and good exchanges ensued until they fell. Time, 1 hour 23 min.

13 Both came up eagerly, but sparred very cautiously, until Ryall sent out his left, which went over Goss' left shoulder. More sparring; both were short in their left-hand deliveries, and again used their weapons of defence cautiously. Goss appeared at this time to have made up his mind to go in and fight, when the unwelcome cry arose that the authorities were at hand, which proved but too true, and the referee ordered the men to leave the ring, after having fought 1 hour and 25 min. A move was made as quickly as possible further on, and a fresh ring was in the course of completion, when once more were the blues in the way, and no alternative was allowed but to make another shift, which was done, and the ring judiciously pitched on a beautiful piece of green sward. Ryall was the first to throw in his cap, and, after waiting a few minutes, Goss followed suit, and they re-commenced at 1 hour 24 min., for

14. Goss, as he faced Ryall, moved his right shoulder as if he had met with some accident in the previous ring, which was now beginning to tell upon him from the stiffness which had arisen from his rest during the removal from ring to ring. Both sparred cautiously, each getting away from danger in turn, and renewing the sparring on the same tactics, when the cry of the arrival of the police, and a scamper to the boats proved that there was truth in the report, and an inspector with a good force at his back was seen at the ringside. The referee again ordered the men to desist from hostilities, and to seek "fresh fields and pastures new," after being in the second ring for three minutes only during which time not a blow was struck. A move was next made across the water, and after some delay, another ring was pitched at half-past two o'clock, and once more the combatants put themselves into attitude for

15 When the seconds delivered the men at the scratch, Goss' left eye was darkened as well as cut, and with a discoloration on the right shoulder; Ryall's shoulders were grazed, and his right eye flushed. Cautious sparring took place, each feinting and retreating until Goss rushed in and bored Ryall down by sheer force, the latter just missing the stake with his head.

16. Very great caution was displayed by both; for some length of time, feinting, sparring, and retreating, was the order of the day. Goss, getting eager, would be busy, and tried to lead off with his left, which was well stopped by Ryall, and, on the latter trying to lead off with the left, Goss equally well stopped it. This led to good counters, Ryall getting on the jaw and mouth, Goss landing on the cheek. Cautious sparring; both waited for an opening, which Ryall thought he had discovered, and led off with his left at the head, which was well stopped. More sparring until Goss forced exchanges by rushing madly in; Goss getting on the forehead and cheek, and Ryall well on the body; they then closed, and Goss threw Ryall heavily. Time in this ring 17 min.

17. A long and tedious round, in which the feinting and getting away were of the most tiring description, each in turn getting close and retreating, until Goss again went in headlong, forcing some good exchanges on the ribs and mouth, and closing, they were both down in Goss' corner. This round lasted twenty-six minutes, and the men had been contending in the third ring forty-three minutes In this round, Travers asked Goss why he did not force the fighting; he replied, that he did not see why he should run his head into danger for him. Bob replied, "Don't apologise, Goss; we want no apologies in boxing."

18. On coming up, both sparred for an opening; at length Ryall led off with his left, but was short; he tried his right at the head, and was more successful; Goss returned on the forehead; this led to a close, and some good exchanges, in favor of Goss, and a sharp struggle for the fall ensued, and Ryall, although he threw Goss, rolled over him

19. Both cautious and manœuvring round the ring; Ryall was the first to make play with his left, but was out of distance; Goss closed with him, and some sharp in-fighting ended in a struggle for the fall, in which both were down Time, 49 min

20. More tedious sparring. Ryall tried his left, which was short; they walked away, and put down their hands; they again got together, and had a feint or two. Goss took another walk round the ring; on again facing each other, Ryall let go his left at the body, but was short. They now feinted and broke ground several times, but once more came within distance, when they countered with the left, Goss on the right eye, Ryall on the chest. Ryall then placed his left on the mark, and Goss got away, but crept within distance, and sent his left on to Ryall's cheek, and his right on the side of the head, when they closed, and both were down.

21. After little dodging, Goss got his left on Ryall's cheek, and his right on the side of the head, and forced Ryall down.

22 Caution was still the game of both. Joe offered with his left, but Ryall got away smiling; Goss, ried, rushed to a close, and in a scramble they were both down at the ropes.

23. Ryall up first to the call of time, Goss bleeding from the mouth, neither seeming anxious to commence active proceedings; but after some sparring they got within distance, and some good right and left exchanges were made, Ryall getting on the mouth, eye and body, and receiving on the side of the head and cheek. This led to a close and both were down.

24. Goss, the first to open the ball, led off with the left, but was short, and got countered on the nose for his pains. Ryall repeated the dose on the left eye, drawing blood; Goss not liking this, got to close quarters, and, after some rattling exchanges, they fought to the ropes, and after a sharp struggle for the fall, both were down, Goss striking his head against a stake.

25 Both slow from the sharp fighting in the preceding round, and each sparred for wind. Ryall tried his left, which just reached Joe's chin; rapid exchanges, Goss on the body with the right, Ryall on the nose; they closed, and Goss forced Ryall down at the ropes

26. Ryall on coming up showed the marks of the handiwork of Goss on his ribs. They no sooner faced each other than Goss rushed at his man, and some busy half arm fighting ensued; they fibbed away merrily until they got to the ropes, when, in wrestling for the fall, both were down

27 was a short one, for they immediately rushed to a close, in which some wild blows were exchanged right and left, but, from want of precision, no damage was done. Goss upper-cutted his man, and some more half-arm hits were exchanged, until Goss went down.

28 to 32 were of the same character, Goss in each forcing the fighting by rushing at his man, and, in each round, some harmless body-blows were exchanged, which ended by both being down

33. Goss, the first to lead off, got well on the body, and Ryall countered him on the ribs; this brought them to the ropes, and both were down.

34 to 36. In each of these the same tactics were displayed, Goss rushing to close quarters and delivering on the body, Ryall returning on the side of the head, but the exchanges were so wild as to be almost harmless The injury to Joe's shoulder precluding him from using his right with effect, each round was finished by a tussle at the ropes, in which Jack was as good as his master, and ended in both going to mother earth.

37 and last. The same cautious game was played in this round, neither man seeming inclined to commence proceedings, both advancing and retiring until the patience of the spectators was completely exhausted. At length, the referee ordered the men to the scratch, which they obeyed, but only to again commence the same performance, which was tolerated for some time, until the referee gave the men seven minutes either to fight or draw, which latter the men agreed to do, before the expiration of the time, after fighting in the three rings *three* hours and eighteen minutes, *one hour and thirty minutes* in the third, and the last round occupying fifty minutes, during which time not a blow was struck.

REMARKS.

The above fight was a complete disappointment to all those who were present, and who expected that the performance would be a fair trial of Joe Goss as a candidate for the championship with Jem Mace. The cause of the unsatisfactory manner in which the fight was conducted was no doubt caused by the injury that Goss had sustained in his right shoulder in the third round, and the right being his favorite weapon, more especially in close quarters, stopped him from dashing to in-fighting, as he has done in all his previous contests towards the conclusion, and the use he made of his right in the body blows towards the end of the fighting rounds, no doubt materially aggravated the injury. That there could be no doubt of the correctness of the statement he had made that his shoulder was injured, Joe Goss called at the *Sporting Life* office last evening, and brought a certificate from the house surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the effect that he had fractured the right scapula, shoulder blade, seriously. Ryall, no doubt from the frequent removals, as well as from being rather fleshy, fell weak, and, having a wholesome warning from the previous battle not to force the fighting, allowed Goss to get away and retreat when he chose. When they shook hands, Goss wanted to make a fresh match for £200 a side, which R. refused to do. Several gentlemen paid both men for their colors, and it is to be hoped that their example will be followed by all who have taken them from the men.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 375.

The people of St. Louis have had a lively time over the capture on the Cumberland, and turned out freely to visit places of amusement. "Seneca," under date of Feb. 25, says:—F. S. Chanfrau has been doing a fine business at the theatre, culminating on Saturday night in an immense house. It being the 22nd, the programme included several tableaux of a patriotic nature. We saw Frank, the other night, in the "Stage Struck Barber," and after laughing several buttons off, took time to note how well he—Frank—looked; the same handsome fellow as in days of long ago. Time deals gently with him, as it should, for he is a fellow of infinite wit and fancy, whose "gags" prove an addition to any piece.....At the Museum, now run by Alf Burnett, there is being exhibited Waugh's Panorama of the Rebellion, said to be very good by those who have seen it.....In the grand procession of Saturday, the 22nd, was a boat with scenic ice around it, and in the bow Nick Wilsey, of the Canterbury, personated the character of Washington. He and his companions, in Continental uniform, were supposed to be crossing the Delaware. Apropos of the procession, it was the grandest affair of the kind ever seen in St. Louis. In fact, since the late victories, there is an immense number of Union men here—more than ever before—and as this was made a Union demonstration, the turn-out was immense.....At the Varieties were also presented on Saturday night some very beautiful tableaux commembrative of *pater patriæ*, Geo. Washington being done by Ed. Berry, who looked the character to the life. The house was immense, and the performance equally so; thus manager and audience were mutually pleased, and both bore smiling faces. Billy Reeve is making a decided hit at this house, and is becoming one of the greatest favorites of the company. Lizzy Walby, (very pretty, by the way,) is also "walking into the affections" of the *habitues* of the Varieties. Julia Hamilton retains and *fills* her position of *premier danseuse;* Signor Constantine (*le beau*) leads the Ballet in unapproachable style. Purdy is back on his old stamping ground, and, per consequence, Slocum is again doing middle business.....At the Bowery, the Delevante Brothers are the present attraction, together with Johnny Boyce.....The Melodeon and Canterbury companies remain the same, I believe, as when I last wrote. Nick Foster, lately from Cincinnati, where he has been sojourning for a short time, is again at the Varieties.....We still continue to have a multitude of concerts and tableaux for the benefit of sick soldiers, and the poor; and I am proud to say that, poor as our city now is, an appeal for charity is never made in vain.

The Nelson Sisters are in England, having arrived out per Bohemian, from Portland. They have got engagements at Drury lane, London.

Artemas Ward is at Providence, R I, where a number of good things are just now accumulated.

Messrs. Binnion and Fuller were presented with two handsome silver medals, in London, on the 5th Feb., by Mr. Wilton, the proprietor of Wilton's Music Hall, in testimony of their talents as negro melodists, and their strict attention to business. The presentation ceremonies took place on the stage.

Astonishing are the effects of claiming any kind of championship in the CLIPPER. Clog dancing is no exception, as may be seen among the advertising portion of this department in this week's issue, where Tim Hayes, of the Holliday-street, Baltimore, for five hundred or a thousand dollars, offers to clog "any other man's" pretensions with a fair trial of skill. We have an idea that whoever could keep up with Mr. Hayes will be very likely to get hazy in the head. Strike up, boys!

Denver City has an irregular kind of population, so far. Give folks time. A curious example occurred lately, when the Platte Valley Theatre was closed on account of the male portion of the company refusing to perform without "artistic assistance in the shape of acknowledged actresses." We quote the language of one of the sufferers. However, the ladies of the profession, and some volunteers, soon came to the rescue, such as Mrs. H B. Murphy, Mrs. Helen Marr, Miss Anna White, etc. For a few days the other house, the People's Theatre, was the only theatre open. Now, dear lady readers, don't all run away to Denver City.

Irish sensational dramas seem to be all the rage now. The whole history of Ireland would make a rich placer for sensational playwrights, and very various are the versions. We are likely to have soon "The White Boys," being a follower of "The Peep o'Day Boys." It has been produced at the Victoria, on the Surrey side of London, by Manager Towers, who (with his brother Edward) holds the copyright. It has a sensation scene, of course; and this is called "The Bridge of Quagane Barra, or the Pass of Kle-mau-Eigh." Really, we must all brush up our stock of Irish a little, or else submit to a literary Faugh a ballagh! All right. Irish history is just the thing. Work it up, dramatists. The cast for "The White Boys," at the Victoria, is Leonard Brady, J. H. Richards; Finnegan, W. H. Pitt; Felix O'Neil, W. Ennis; O'Hara, W. Harmer; Corporal Nyms, G. Yarnold; Skinner, J. Howard; Lady Trelawny (heroine of the bridge scene,) Miss Helen Love; Norah, Miss Nelly Wood. What American manager comes first.

Inquiries being made for Mr. George Pardey, we can state that he is playing at the Platte Valley Theatre, Denver City, and we must add that he sometimes appears "in two pieces." However, the bills describe him as a "people's favorite."

Canterbury Hall, Washington, seems to be waking up the amusement seekers. Frank Wyant has been well received. Mons. Jean Coski is laid up, on account of an accident. The Leoni Pantomime Company closed on the 1st March. Also, Dick Parker, Bob Butler, Amelia Wells, Willis Armstrong, James Ward, Little Ella and Frank La Folle. New faces are promised. Hope so. Some good performers still remain. We take the liberty of doubting whether the silk dresses held out as inducements for the ladies to visit the place, will be found a legitimate investment. We like to see the ladies at all places of amusement, but we confess to being somewhat suspicious of those Flora McFlimseys who have "nothing to wear."

Mrs. Hudson Kirby is a great favorite in England, and was last noticed at Portsmouth.

Minstrel companies, as well as other parties intending to visit Syracuse, should not forget that Corinthian Hall is capable of accommodating an audience of from 1200 to 1500, and that recent improvements make it a very desirable place to hold forth in. Chas. R. Wright, No 1 Hall Building, is the agent.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, Mich., which closed on the 24th, with the benefit of H. L. Meech, is now under the management of A. Macfarland. That gentleman having run the same machine formerly for five years, augurs favorably for its success in the future. It is to be re-opened on the 17th inst., and an opportunity is now offered for ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent to secure an engagement. See advertisement in these columns.

That Gayety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y, is one of the places that present a big bill, and consequently do a big "biz" As Charley Lewis is First Demon in "Ondine," so we find him stage manager, a kind of leading sprite. Anyhow, his benefit on the 28th Feb. went in like a lion and came out like a lamb. Miss Fanny Forrest is no relation, we believe, to the "greatest living tragedian," but has pleased the Albanians as a "charming queen of song," and the "greatest living"—well, "squit your foolishness," Messrs. Lewis and Brimmer. The Gayety is all its name implies. W. D. Mahoney and Lee Pewell are among its Albany favorites.

The Hibernico-Historico influences in London have reached the Eastern Opera House, Whitechapel. It has a new drama, called "Kathleen Mavourneen, or St. Patrick's Eve." This has a "sensation scene," also; the "Black Crag by Moonlight." Ugh! The heroine is well performed by Mrs. W. H. Lawrence. The authorship is claimed by Mr. Wm. Travers.

Gen Lander, who died in Western Virginia, on the 21, was the husband of the actress formerly known as Miss Jean M. Davenport.

George Percival, late of the Pagoda, Baltimore, now of the Canterbury, Washington, has taken the Melodeon, Baltimore, and will shortly open it with a new company.

Edwin Forrest is to open at the Holliday street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 10th inst. He is to be supported by John E McCullough. During the same week James E Murdoch performs at the Front Street.

"The Colleen Bawn" is in rehearsal at the Arch, Philadelphia.

Annie Eberle, the young actress that recently withdrew from the Continental, Philadelphia, has joined the company at Portland.

S. S. Sandford's Troupe, just closed at Harrisburg, go to Washington this week, and open at Odd Fellows' Hall. Messrs. Paine, Arnold, Morris Edmonds, T. a'Beckett, and Holden are in the troupe.

The Rollin Brothers, gymnasts, took a benefit at the Melodeon, Philadelphia, on the 27th ult. The youngest of these brothers was robbed of a gold watch, overcoat, vest, and several other things one evening recently. They were taken from the dressing room while the victim was on the stage. Bad!

The Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., conducted by Manager Henderson, has an opera company, among whom are Mdlle. Jenny Bauer, Miss Emma Heywood, Herr Reichardt, and Carl Formes. A pretty strong team for Howard Glover's little operetta of "Once Too Often." No end to Henderson's endurance in the way of novelties.

Miss Effie Germon distinguished herself in a very praiseworthy manner during the recent engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Williams at the Holliday street, Baltimore. With her ineffably sweet voice, she is likely to become an ineffable favorite.

Hengler's Grand Circus, Liverpool, Eng., is giving "The Yellow Dwarf," and "them bellephanis" astonish the boys. Harry Bartine, the American slack-rope performer, is a great favorite. With J. M. Hengler on the tight rope, they contrive to rope in the £ s. d.

James E. Murdoch will finish his readings at the Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, this week. They have been very fashionably attended.

Mrs Vincent, formerly at the Boston National, and subsequently at the Boston Museum, is now at the Portland, Me., Theatre. Her Mrs. Lillywhite is as good as ever.

Whatever may become of the rebellion, the war, or Uncle Sam's contractors, our military boys are amusing themselves, when not otherwise employed, with theatrical exhibitions. They seem to have borrowed something from Lou Morris's song of "Look Out for Uncle Sam!" that "goes" to the air of "Nelly Bly," as thus:—

Jeff Davis now had better leave, while that he is able,
And saddle up the fastest horse in the Confederate stable,
And fly to Johnny Bull, his friend, may their friendship never sever,
Birds of a feather always did, and will always flock together.
CHORUS—Den hey, Jeffey, ho, Johnny, how do you like the tussel?
We never were licked, it can't be did—"*Good morning, Mr. Russell.*"

The 5th Regt. N. Y. Volunteers had a jubilee at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 24th Feb. The Zouaves gave specimens of their drill, the dancing commenced, and a gay night was stepped off to delicious music. Miss Maggie Mitchell, herself on furlough from Manager Kunkel, was present, but the gentleman who accompanied her, seemed to have an "exclusive engagement" with her. The theatrical profession was generally well represented after "business hours."

"The Octoroon" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Eng., on the 11th Feb Mr. Delmon Grace, the original Salem Scudder, was on hand, with Mr. J. Glenny, as the Indian, to help the general effects. The piece was well received, but is not so popular as "The Colleen Bawn." Bourcicault has given the Hibernian elements such a dramatic impetus that not even one of his own octoroons can stand much chance near them. Who knows but what Dion may keep dying on, until he some day gets canonized?

There has been trouble among the Christy Minstrels in England, and the result is, a split and the formation of a new company, thus making two parties in the field at present. It appears that while the Christys were performing in Dublin recently, there was a little display of pugilism in the dressing room between two of the managers, Messrs. Collins and Nish; they fought one round, a very long one, which caused a plentiful supply of claret, from both parties, and ended in Mr. C. having his lamps put in deep mourning, and being otherwise disfigured. The result of the squabble was a separation. Collins sold out his interest in the concern to Messrs Nish and Wilson; and the whole of the old band, with the exception of Burton and Sexton, remain with Nish and Wilson. Collins proceeded to London, and formed a new company, which he calls the Original Christys. We herewith give a list of both companies:—The old Christys comprise Messrs. A. Nish, G. Wilson, G. W. Moore, Thos. Christian, W. J. Howard, J. H. Melvin, C. Steele, T. Rainford, I. Crocker, J. Ritter, and A. Mervin; these last three are new men. The new party, or Christys No. 2, consist of Messrs. W. P. Collins, M. Sexton, W. Burton, Basquin, Morris, Spillers, West, Whinnymore, and Birbank; the three first belonged to the old troupe; all the others are new. The old party were at last accounts in Liverpool, where they have been introducing the old style of performance. When both parties meet in London, then we may expect to find out who's who. Mr. H. Montague, agent, is still with the old crowd.

We are likely to get into somewhat of a statistical scrape in our endeavor to keep the run of births among our professional friends. Really, this office is no sinecure. However, we presume that it is time for us to set our signals before the entire fleet. Our friend, G. W. Moore, of the Original (No. 1) Christy Minstrels, received a benefit and a gold medal with a gold clasp and green silk ribbon, while recently at Dublin, Ireland. The medal was massive in weight and oval in form, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to G. W. Moore, by his friends in Dublin, as a token of their personal esteem, and appreciation of his ability as a performer in connection with the Christy Minstrels." On the reverse side is "Benefit night, Dublin, January 29th, 1862." That's just like dear old Dublin. But, such affairs never come singly. On the 3d Feb., the wife of the minstrel presented him with "one more," and we are happy to state that, at the latest advices, mother and child were doing well, the young one particularly "wide awake." No doubt there may be more, etc.

George R Eleson desires us to state that he is not stage manager at the Melodeon, Philadelphia, but is travelling with the dramatic company of that establishment, through the Eastern States.

George Christy's Minstrels gave their closing performance in Washington on the 26th Feb. They were announced to appear in Wilmington, Del., on the following evening, but failed to do so, in consequence of the train from Washington that day having been taken possession of by government for transportation purposes. The boys are now in Philadelphia.

Ford's new theatre in Washington is expected to open on the 24th inst

Capt Smith's Theatre, Albany, is closed for the present, on account of one of the walls of the house having been greatly injured by the recent snow storm. The necessary repairs are now being made, and as soon as completed, the theatre will be re-opened. See advertisement.

Gotschalk, assisted by Miss Hinckley, Messrs. Brignoli, Mancusi, and Susini, will give a concert in Philadelphia on the 10th inst.

Baltimore seems to have got nearly all the bad weather last week. The Melodeon, now Canterbury Hall, is said to have felt the chilling influences by not being well attended.

Miss Avonia Jones, with Messrs. G. V. Brooke and Richard Younge, commenced engagements at Glasgow, Scotland, on the 10th Feb.

Showing where some of our public favorites are, and how music halls are progressing in England, we give the list of performers now engaged at John Wilton's, Wellclose Square, London:—Sopranos—Miss Emma Pearce, Madame Loebini, Miss Amy Montague, Miss Somerville, Miss Cara Villiers. Contralto—Miss Constance. Tenors—Mr. M'Davitt. Mr. Russell Grover, Mr. Hogan, Mr Reuben Hyams, Mr. Donald Kerridge, Mr. Edward Jones—also Harpist. Bass—Mr. Brady. Alto—Mr. Bamford. Serio-Comic Vocalists—Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Mortimer, Mrs. F. R. Phillips, Miss Emma Kerridge, Miss Julia Weston, Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Lizzie Weston. Delineators of Negro Life and Manners—Messrs. Binnion and Fuller, Messrs. Farrenberg and West, Mr. Wieland. Comic Duet Vocalists—Mr. Newman and Miss Mortimer, Messrs. Dempsey and M'Guinness, John and Marie. Operatic and Characteristic Dancers—Mons and Mdme. D'Auban. Comic Vocalists—Messrs. Sam Collins, Harry Sydney, Fred French, John Blanchard, J. G Forde, G. W. Ross, Frank Hall, E H. Hey, and Joey Jones.

G. G. Spear gave a dramatic entertainment at Walt's Hall, South Boston, on the 26th Feb., when the drama of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was produced.

Mad. Anna Bishop gives a concert in Albany on the 4th.

The report published in some of the papers that Miss Joey Gougenheim and her agent had taken passage from San Francisco in two different vessels, one for Australia and the other for Ireland, may be true, but we have no authentic information on the subject, and it will perhaps be found that the two came together outside of the harbor, and are both on their way to Australia.

James E. Murdoch will give a patriotic reading at the Academy, Philadelphia, on the 6th inst., for the benefit of the volunteer refreshment saloons.

Morris' Minstrels, after a three weeks' sojourn in Albany, closed their performances there on the 1st. Their business was not very healthy.

The Pittsburgh Theatre was to have re-opened on Saturday evening, March 1st, with the stock company. Our correspondent "Now and Then," of date Feb. 27, says:—During the two weeks' vacation, the building has been made to present a fine appearance, both inside and out. The interior has been repainted and gilded, papered, and carpeted. The gas fixtures, which were antiquated, now present a very modern appearance, and the whole dress circle and upper tiers look much more inviting than they did a fortnight ago. On Monday, Mr. Bass, the comedian, makes his first appearance here, after an absence of several years. He has been endorsed so highly by the Cincinnati press, that our editors are all anxious to get a peep at him once more in the character of Sir John Falstaff. Part of the large company return from their visit to Wheeling to perform here on Saturday evening, and the remainder stay there to give the final entertainment in that city, which also takes place on the same evening. On Monday they return here to assist Mr Bass.....The Wheeling trip has been moderately successful; the houses have not been jammed on any one night, but the manager has received sufficient encouragement to induce him to make arrangements to return to the same hall at an early day. On Friday (to-morrow) evening, Ettie Henderson has a complimentary benefit, gotten up by a number of the citizens of Wheeling, and there is every reason to believe that the house will be filled. Gen. Rosecrans and staff have been invited by the committee of arrangements to be present, and they have accepted the invitation.....At Trimble's, two more performers have been added to the company, in the persons of Messrs Mankin and Williams, acrobatic performers. Fanny Denham is still there..... The Melodeon still continues to swim along Don Santiago Gibbonoise, who says he has astonished the medical fraternity by being packed up in a box 15 by 18 inches, has been re-engaged by Manager Wolf for another week, and continues the packing operation nightly. Julia Barton has joined the Melodeon company, together with Miss La Rose, jig dancer.

At the St. James, London, they are playing a piece called "Self Made." The hero is represented as a runaway slave, who, after fifteen years, (at which time the play begins,) has acquired education and wealth, and is the lion of the day. At length he meets his former mistress, a Countess, with whom he is deeply in love, and who is also in love with him. Of course it ends with their marriage. Imagine a Countess marrying a mulatto, and he her slave! The people seemed delighted, and applauded these disgusting sentiments to the echo.

An American lady, now in Europe, thus refers to Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean:—"Last Tuesday we went to see Mr and Mrs Charles Kean at Drury Lane, (London,) in the 'Wife's Secret.' I expected to see some very good business, as they have made the play a study for years, but was sadly disappointed. Mrs. Kean is a fat, old woman, with a squeaky voice; he is anything but good looking, with a bad voice. I could not understand how they ever could have been as great as I have always understood them to have been."

Mr. Sothern, who has resumed performances at the Haymarket, London, is said to be engaged for nine months.

The farewell benefit of Miss Julia Daly took place at the Louisville Theatre on the 14th Feb.

The Blaisdell Bell Ringers were in Albany on the 28th Feb. and 1st March, and were pretty well patronised.

Miss Jane Coombs, the young American actress who left here last autumn with Mrs. (Clara Fisher) Maeder, her teacher, to fill an experimental engagement at the Haymarket, London, is now doing very well in England. Since the great success of "Our American Cousin," her opportunities for distinction on the Haymarket boards, singularly enough, have been somewhat interfered with by that fact. Nevertheless, whenever opportunity afforded, she has gained honors for herself, and reflected honor on her teacher. Mrs. Maeder is a worthy follower of the quiet school left by Mrs. Glover, which is in opposition to the declamatory style introduced by Mrs. Davenport, and therefore we need not wonder that Miss Coombs should follow Mrs. Maeder's elegant tuition. Miss Coombs is fully equal to this painstaking elaboration of detail while on the stage, and we are much pleased to find that our English cousins appreciate her numerous merits. In the course of her casts, she has played Juliana, in "The Honeymoon," on fourteen consecutive business nights, winning the most enthusiastic applause, and in several other characters she is admitted by the most severe or imperturbable critics to evince great promise of professional excellence. Among other signs of the times, we observe "a first-rate notice" in the London *Punch*. Although such a notice in that paper, now-a-days, has not the professional weight among the initiated that it formerly had, yet it is a significant proof that Miss Coombs is safe in the public estimation, and we take pride in witnessing her prosperity, as well as of all her American sisters and brothers now finding favor in the eyes of Squire John Bull.

Already has the "thrilling" sensational drama of "The White Boys" been burlesqued by "The Black Boys," a screaming farce for Ethiopian minstrel performers. What completes the parody is the fact that the latter was originally produced at the same theatre as the former, the Victoria, London. The ringleaders in this blacking-up business, showing "the mutability of human affairs," are Messrs. Binnion, Fuller, and the Brothers Daniels. They get up a "bridge scene" that knocks the Quagane Barra almost into smithereens, and makes Dull Care walk the plank. "Och, the naygurs!" Perhaps they will next attack the Foil Dhuiv (Black Valley)

The Macfarland Dramatic Troupe are around the Northern part of the Empire State, and were last week at Watertown. As usual, and not to be wondered at, Jessie Macfarland is the "bright particular star." Among the company are Mary and Sarah Melville, C. M. Davis, C. E. Churchill, Mark Bates, S. H. Lovell, etc., not forgetting A. Macfarland himself. "Ain't he a backeraback!"

W. H. Leighton and Co.'s Metropolitan, San Francisco, was the scene of an agreeable occasion on the 17th Jan., when the entire proceeds of the performances were given to the Committee for the Relief of Sufferers by the Flood. The whole of the dramatic company, the Martinetti Troupe, and many of the professionals in town, volunteered their services, without any drawback.

Lucille Western is said to be the next star in culmination engaged by Manager Myers for the Providence (R I.) Theatre. But, what becomes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Harry Howland, and so forth?

"Macbeth on the Half Shell" is only a trifle compared to the divisions and witcheries that are almost certain to occur whenever we say anything about champions, unless the champion is one of that kind who makes all his competitors simmer down, take a back seat, and subside generally into their boot closings. We feel somewhat in the predicament of the postmaster who found himself in possession of a letter directed to "The Handsomest Lady in ——," whenever we have to treat of some champion. And yet we know how champions are made, as well as the Ravels knew how to manufacture a vegetable man. Editorial pens can make or unmake champions as easily as Queen Elizabeth made or unmade her bishops, and still leave the genuine article—the true Prince—all the honors to him properly belonging. 'Vaulting ambition" has caused much to be said on various championships, and particularly on champion vaulters. About the end of January, Hogini's Circus, Cork, Ireland, was graced with the performances of Mr. Arthur Barnes, a vaulter who has the patronage of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Denmark, and the King of Sweden. Mr. Barnes has been presented with a gold medal from Pablo Fanque, the well-known equestrian manager, for having thrown sixty-six somersaults in one trial. Mr. B. was also honored with a silver snuff box, lined with gold, and a diamond breast-pin, from W. Cooke, of Astley's, for having thrown ninety-one somersaults at one trial. These tokens, from such good judges among the working men of the profession, speak louder than any patronage from crown or pen. Mr. Barnes now announces that he is "the only artist now living who can execute this astounding performance." He claims to be "the champion vaulter of the world." And "that's what's the matter."

Now, we know it is considered very ungallant to say anything against the ladies, but these are war times, and we have as much respect for the feelings and honor of Uncle Sam as we have for the reputation of the ladies. Besides, a question of veracity is involved, in which the CLIPPER, among other papers, is concerned. Some months ago, we mentioned that Miss Maggie Mitchell was charged with singing secession songs in the South, and otherwise conducting herself in anything but a patriotic manner. If we recollect aright, these charges were denied; and as we had no direct proof at the time to substantiate them, we held our peace. But now, by means of a "flag of truce," or something else equally mischievous, we have received from Montgomery, Alabama, a copy of a bill of the play for the benefit of Miss Maggie, which took place at the Montgomery Theatre, Dec. 14th, 1860. On this bill, it is announced in big letters, as an extra inducement for the Southerners to extend their patronage, that "Miss Maggie Mitchell, on this occasion, will chaunt the Southern Marseillais Hymn! assisted by the entire company, and a number of gentlemen of Montgomery, who have very kindly tendered their services, the whole forming a beautiful tableau." Here we have it in black and white. Besides, we have better proof, in the direct evidence of at least one who was present on that occasion, and listened to Miss Maggie, as she sang the secession song. We thus place the CLIPPER correct on the record, without fear of farther contradiction. And now let us see what sort of stuff this secession song, this Southern Marseillais, is made of. We herewith annex two verses, as a specimen—

Sons of the South, awake to Glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With mongrel hosts, a thieving band
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace—equality—lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved,
On victory or death!

With all their South made wealth surrounded,
These vile, insatiate robbers dare,
(Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,)
To mete the South o'en light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore!
But we are men—and are they more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, &c.

Prof. Anderson had a successful opening in Detroit, Mich., on the 26th Feb.

ARREST OF AN AMATEUR ACTOR.—Mr. Fred Von Hofe, one of the principal actors of the New York Turnverein, a German Dramatic Association of this city, was arrested by two deputy sheriffs, on the 24th ult., at the instance, it is said, of a Mr. Cram, the "legal adviser" of the "Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents." As an amateur actor, there existed no ground for the arrest of Mr. Hofe, inasmuch as the gentleman violated no law, the charge being "playing without a license." The arrest we consider unwarrantable, as Mr. Cram may discover upon Mr. Hofe's examination before the proper authorities, in whose hands the matter has been placed for

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED

SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF

Physical and Mental Recreations for the People.

THE popular AMERICAN SPORTING JOURNAL, now in the NINTH YEAR of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives FULL AND AUTHENTIC REPORTS of every event of a Sporting nature, such as—

Cricket,	Chess,	Pugilism,	Feats of Strength,
Ball Play,	Draughts,	Rowing,	Rifle Shooting,
Yachting,	Pedestrianism,	Wrestling,	Pistol Shooting,
Boxing,	Horse Racing,	Trotting,	Pigeon Shooting,
	Curling,	Game Fowl, &c., &c., &c.	

The CLIPPER also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,

embracing information on General Topics, but Sporting Matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE,

as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietor.

The success of the CLIPPER, as a SPORTING PAPER, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is hailed as

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING AUTHORITY,

AND IS THE

OLDEST SPORTING JOURNAL NOW PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail, $1 for six months; $2 for one year. Club of four, $7 per annum; club of eight, $13 per annum; club of twelve, $18 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

NIGGER MINSTRELSY.

THERE is no denying the fact that Nigger Minstrelsy is a great institution. We foretold it would become such, many years ago—when, indeed, it was in its infancy, and it was said the "better order of people" would set their faces against it. There were two things, however, in connection with the new amusement, as we deemed it, or the "innovation," as hundreds of our acquaintances designated it, which strengthened our hopes in its behalf. It was the favor vouchsafed it by the real tip-toppers of society and the admiration it elicited from the working millions. This was in England, where things take longer to grow than they do here. But even in England, Nigger Minstrelsy was welcome from the first, and since then has grown to be almost as popular there as it is in the United States.

The reason of its popularity is at direct variance with the reason that has been alleged against it—its truly dramatic nature and power. Just for example, select a few pieces from the ordinary programme of an entertainment in which all the performers appear under the disguise of burnt cork and black wool. They are serious as well as comic, while the airs coming under the former category are the essence of melody, pure, simple, and appealing to the heart; the others being wild and rollicking, and suggestive of the most extravagant fun. It is the custom to alternate these, also to throw in a few scraps of kindred dialogue. But let us adhere to the minstrel portion of the entertainment exclusively. That, as we have already said, shares alike the character of tragedy and comedy. Whenever did performer find a stronger exponent than in ballads of the "Old Folks at Home" description? whenever the other, than in those of which the "Niggers' Ball" or "Old Dan Tucker" afford a good specimen?

It has been to these two extremes of Nigger Minstrelsy that we have seen brilliant audiences in both hemispheres give their sympathies. The smile, the laugh, the roar have been the award rendered to the gay singing and playing of a dusky band; sighs, silence, and tears have attested to the force of their graver performances. What are these, let us ask, but the true tokens of the dramatic element discoverable in these minstrel entertainments? It is their truly dramatic nature, indeed, that, appealing to the people whose drama has become worn or stilted, has enlisted that people under a new banner. Formerly, it was Melpomene, with the dagger and cup, and Thalia, with the mask, who represented the acted drama; but in later times, the coarse features of a buffoon would more properly have depicted the entertainments at our regular theatres. Under these circumstances what wonder that we should have witnessed a reaction! what wonder that the reaction should have been towards Nigger Minstrelsy?

That the entertainments coming under this head should be in the most comprehensive sense dramatic, and realise to the full what the drama was intended to realise, cannot be doubted by any impartial person. They amuse, they instruct, and strike alike upon the chords which have connection with the fountains of our smiles and tears. Like everything intrinsically potent, Nigger Minstrelsy asserts itself at all times and in all places. We, who are here in America, have had the opportunities afforded us of proving how powerful an appeal it can make to the patriotic heart—what feelings of fraternity it can inspire towards the men who are fighting our battles, what sentiments of devotion to a common country, what support in the hour of trial, what hopes for signal and ultimate victory.

It has been our pleasure to receive evidence of all this, as well as of the ordinary effects of Nigger Minstrelsy. We have sat, as one among a numerous audience, counting the fair-haired child, the delicate and lovely woman, and the rough featured man. We have seen how, when the theme was a sorry one, all these have participated in gaiety. But change that theme to one of sadness, wherein the household affections are spoken of, and as though under the sway of a magician's wand, there came the silence and the tears we have already referred to. The profound depths of our hearts have been touched, and they yield a fitting response.

What are these effects but dramatic? what but dramatic, and essentially so, that which bids them present themselves?

It is for these reasons that we dignify Nigger Minstrelsy with the name of an institution; it was in anticipation of what has happened in regard to it, that we were hopeful of the "new power" many years ago; and it is with gladness at witnessing its growth among us, that we wish it all possible good.

A "MATCH," AND A NOVEL FOOT RACE.—A Washington correspondent sends us an account of a funny foot race, for a "fiver," which recently came off there between two ministers. It appears that Lieut. Bennett, of the Garibaldi Guards, was about to be united in marriage to a young lady of that place, and the Rev. Mr. Meadows, a Baptist minister, was sent for to perform the ceremony, but not finding him at home, the messenger went for the Rev. Dr. Coombs, a Methodist, but he was out, too. On returning home, both ministers were made acquainted with the nature of the "call." The happy couple, meantime, had began to despair, when there was heard a "knocking at the door," and in another moment the Rev. Dr. Coombs, with "bellows to mend," was ushered into their presence, and at once commenced the marriage ceremony. Just as the twain were being pronounced man and wife, there came another "tap, tap, tapping, at the door," and as the last words of the ceremony were concluded, our friend Meadows appeared, with a proper white neck-tie encircling his throat, and he trying to look as dignified as a Baptist of the first water; but he, too, was rather short of breath, and seeing that the Methodist had winded him, he very calmly congratulated the couple, and took his leave. "All is now quiet on the Potomac."

JOHNNY BROOKS, the English Pugilist, has entered the naval service of Uncle Sam, and is now on board the Princeton, at Philadelphia. Johnny claims that he was "not himself at all," when he was taken on board.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER EIGHT.

CONTINUED.

MR. GEO. NEWBOLD, THE NOTED SPORTING-PRINT PUBLISHER.

CONSIDERING the mania I've always had for studying the "human face divine," whether that face be a pugilist, pedestrian, rower, jockey, actor, minstrel, dancer, author, minister, orator, singer, editor, soldier, lawyer, fireman, or "any other man" of mark as an artist in billiards, cricket, base-ball, chess, draughts, cards, etc.—to say nothing of the distinguished female actresses, danseuses, and vocalists—it will read strange to many that I postponed visiting the great print publisher until the morning of Saturday, the 19th of October; but the fact is, determined to make the most of my time the preceding ten days, and having to be in Birmingham on the 23d, I had purposely put it off until an opportunity presented itself for a good look at the thousand-and-one attractive features of a sporting warehouse. Having before described my route from Seymour Crescent to the Strand, a repetition would be out of place; therefore I will come to the point at once. George Newbold's, then, is partly in the Strand and partly in Newcastle street, at the corner of another street and opposite a church, the name of which I never ascertained. There are two large show windows, and at each I found an admiring crowd, criticising the various faces and specimens of lithography tastefully arranged therein. Not only were sporting men on exhibition, but landscapes, farm-scenes, race horses, birds, mail-coaches, caricatures *a la* Hogarth, and in fact a little of all sorts, forming a regular "gallery of illustration;" those most interesting to me were two or three different portraits of Deerfoot, "the lion of the season;" Charley Westhall, "a good 'un to go" in days of yore, but now filling ably the position of reporter on the *Sporting Life;* Tom White, Everson, Kelly, Harry Clasper, Young Clasper, all crack rowers; Jem Mace, Bob Brettle, Joe Hollis, and Ben Caunt, (recently deceased,) with one or two others hanging by the door. After gazing with interest at the outside show, I dropped inside, and requested permission to look at the immense stock of celebrities, which was readily granted by Mr. Newbold, although I hadn't spent a penny in the shop, nor thrown out any hint that I intended doing so. Independent of those framed and suspended from the walls, were three large portfolios, and to these I directed my attention—first examining the miscellaneous book of scenery, landscapes, churches, hunting scenes, etc., all copied from original paintings by great masters, to the extent of some hundreds, and all different subjects; then overhauling the one containing race-horses, trotters, hunters, mail-coach scenes, races, steeple chases, fox hunts, rabbit coursing, shooting prints, etc., all splendidly colored lithographs, full of life and animation; afterwards looking over the case containing an assortment of some three hundred different individuals celebrated in the ring, pedestrianism, rowing, and all departments of sport, the most recent of which are all that I can enumerate from memory, viz: Sam Hurst, Jem Mace, Bob Brettle, Bob Travers, Job Cobley, Joe Nolan, Charley Lynch, and Joe Kitchen, Champion of Australia, all magnificent colored portraits, in fighting attitude, 21 by 17 inches in size; Charley Westhall, Deerfoot, Mills, Rowan, Lang, in running costume, same size as the pugilists, together with many I cannot call to mind, independent of Heenan, Sayers, Mike Madden, Johnny Walker, Hannan, and scores of others that have been out some time, and are quite familiar in New York, as any one can see by calling on Sir William Clarke at his Sporting Gallery, 189 Laurens street. In addition to the above-named were old prints of Jack Broughton, George Taylor, Bill Neat, Tom Spring, Jack Slack, Josh Hudson, Jack Langan, Harry Pearce, J. Gully, Ned Turner, Old Dutch Sam, Bill Fuller, Tom Cribb, Alec Reed, etc., and last, though by no means least, a regular old-fashioned likeness of Izzy Lazarus (Big Thing on Ice!), with his hands up as he appeared when fighting Tom Maley, Owen Swift, and others; taken altogether, this department comprises some rare faces and some high old positions for the lovers of ancient boxing matters. Having examined, as I thought, all the pictorial stock, Mr. Newbold produced a huge pile of photographs, taken for the Big Fight and for sale separately; he kindly explained who the different gents were, one at a time, and had a fund of information that would be read with pleasure if I possessed "gumption" enough to reproduce even one-tenth of it, which I really cannot, and therefore will not attempt for the present. Among those that particularly interested me were portraits of Morrissey, Jack Montgomery, John Lawrence, Dad Cunningham, Dan Bryant, Billy Mulligan, Pony Moore, Dan Costello, J. W. Raynor, Dr. Rawlings, and the whole American phalanx; also Henry Moir Feist, editor of *Sporting Life*, and "Hotspur," of the *Daily Telegraph*, Charley Westhall, Harry Reed, Joey Jones, Jem Ward, Peter Crawley, Bob Travers, Alec Keene, Nat Langham, F. Beckwith, Hammer Lane, Ben Terry, Harry Brunton, Bob Brettle, Mace, Charley Lynch, and, in short, all the more celebrated sporting men so long familiar to me by reputation. After some two hundred of these were run over, Mr. Newbold brought forth a number of life-like pictures of Heenan and Sayers, some stripped and in attitude; others as seated on their second's knee; others, again, full length in private dress, with and without hats; then he exhibited photographs of the Big Fight of a size just suitable for framing, and much preferable to the original itself in my humble opinion; a lithographic design of Heenan and Sayers' colors; a pair of silk handkerchiefs, with the two warriors' heads in the centre; and one of Heenan's original colors, with another of Sayers'. These are only some of those passed under review, and you can thus form an idea of the magnitude of the publisher's business. I need hardly say that the portraits in the International Fight are gems of perfection, because everybody knows it, and the press of both countries have borne ample and united testimony. But the more I see of the real persons, the more am I convinced that, as a "collection of heads," as which it must be regarded instead of a real battle scene, it is the greatest and most successful picture for truthfulness ever attempted. In the course of a conversation with Mr. Newboid, I learnt that James Hughes stood for his *fac simile*, but the negative got broke and thus Mr. Hughes was counted out in the "International," much to the publisher's regret and that of his own personal friends. Mr N. stated he was about making some alterations in the big picture, and I regretted not having a likeness of Mr. Hughes, although I tried hard to get one before leaving New York, but in an instant the thought flashed across my mind that it wouldn't be a bad idea to have the gallant old war-horse, Tom Hyer, among the 250 chosen people, and having a card-photograph of "The Chief" I made a proposition to give the Boss a show, which was duly seconded, and he has since been placed well on the record for the present and future generations to admire and talk about. When Mr. Hyer sees one with his intelligent front visible on the left-hand side as you look at the Farnborough contest, he cannot help but feel honored by its truthfulness and the artistic skill in which it has been inserted. While thus engaged in gleaning items about the boxers of England, Mr. Clements, Sr., of *Bell's Life* made a call; the worthy veteran-publisher has since gone to his last account. Business was none of the best, Mr N. informed me, which did not appear at all strange when a system of piracy in copying all his best pictures had been going on for a long time unknown to the publisher. By selling their piracies at a less cost, they had thus disposed of many to parties who believed they were patronizing Mr. N. until informed otherwise. When I state that the gentleman had been to great expense in purchasing the exclusive right to sell photographs of these same parties, the dishonest course of his business enemies will be at once apparent. Somebody even had the audacity to produce copies of the Big Fight "on the sly," and sold them at a great discount; how long they might have continued in their evil ways is impossible to tell were it not that Mr. N. accidentally saw one in a public house without his trade-mark, and then he began to think something was rotten in Denmark. How many were thus produced and sold, or who the ingrates were I know not, but one thing is certain, that some of his own workmen were at the bottom of it, for no stranger could get access to the lithographic stone to print from it without their knowledge and assistance. Ere leaving I purchased about a dozen photographs and lithographs together of men of mark in the Empire City, including a card-photograph of Tom Sayers in fighting attitude, which I believe to be the only one of its kind in existence. To gentlemen on a visit to London, who wish to avoid the more public places, all necessary information of sporting events may be learned on application to Mr. Newbold. As an instance of this, several "knowing ones" had stuffed me into believing Broome and King's fight was fixed for Tuesday, October 22d; in casually mentioning the subject, however, to Mr. N., he stated positively the mill would come off on the Monday, which it did, to the disappointment of thousands, including such sports as Jem Ward, Joe Rowe, Charley Lynch, etc. In personal appearance George Newbold is below the medium height, of a thin, wiry frame, light hair and complexion, with a closely shaved face, and would pass at any time for an American, were it unknown he is not one. As a business man, he is courteous, affable, and good-natured, but to none more so than American citizens. John Morrissey, William Mulligan, Daniel Cunningham, Daniel Bryant, John Lawrence, and many others can vouch for the truth of these remarks.

Since leaving London I have been in conversation with many noted and reliable sporting gents in reference to the trouble between the American agent and Mr. Newbold, and this is the result of my observations: The former introduced himself as a gentleman who had travelled all over the States, been twice a long resident, knew all the sporting men in every town, was highly respected, and could travel the length and breadth of the land without a dollar, so many friends had he. On these seemingly truthful grounds he was engaged to take out and sell all of Mr. Newbold's prints on the most liberal terms for himself, as will be seen by the fact that he got the Big Fight at 10s 6d for plain and 21s for colored, or half price, with freight paid to New York, on the condition that he should not charge over $5 for plain or $10 for colored when he reached the United States. How he kept the first part of his contract every purchaser of the Big Fight can testify by the price that *they* paid for it, viz., $6 plain and $11 colored, with an additional charge for Keys, which he received *gratis*, and was under obligation to present with the print! In cases where he had received orders for 200 and 150 at a time from American tradesmen, the agent would not supply them except at double the prices he paid for them (or rather promised to pay) or their full value separately—consequently all large orders were very properly countermanded. In regard to the pictures not arriving at the proper time, or until the excitement had somewhat abated, it has since leaked out that they were over a month in the Custom House, *waiting to be cleared by the agent* So much for that. His miserable business qualifications were exemplified by the sudden bursting up of his store opposite the Broadway Music Hall, after one month's consumptive existence. I called in there half-a-dozen times myself on purpose to buy and look over the assortment, but never found any body in capable of being trusted with the job. Where the agent kept himself all this time is best known to himself and another; he certainly cannot be said to have attended to legitimate business. It was a common occurrence to see his name on a sparring bill to wind up with the beneficiare, but though once in a while I visited such places, nary agent did I see. His whole career as an agent for Mr. Newbold was a shameful breach of faith, and in *pawning his stock for* $500 to come home with, he put a final touch to his honorable (?) course! On arriving in England, Mr. Newbold sought the agent in vain for many weeks to get some explanation, but, fox-like, that worthy kept clear of him. At length Mr. N. engaged a lawyer to prosecute him, at a heavy cost to himself, but with no better success, the expounder of the law advising Mr. N. to let it drop, as the man hadn't a penny in the world, for which very probably the "mouth-piece" got another stake from the latter, or his friends, as very often happens in similar cases. In the meantime there was another scene going on at Wednesbury; a very nice young man who acted as clerk for the agent, had kept his wife informed of certain doings of his friend in the States, which as a married man and a husband he ought not to have done, and instead of welcoming "hubby" home again with rapture, she spurned him from the door, refused to account for the receipts of the public house in his absence, and did other naughty things; the result of all this was, they separated, he transferring the lease and license, and all other possessions to her father, on condition she signed the deed of disunion, and her father agreed to settle all claims of all creditors *except Geo. Newbold's* It afterwards appears that she, too, is a defaulter to the tune of $300, having disposed of numerous prints, as a favor for Mr. Newbold, without producing the "equiv." A nice little tea party, wasn't it? The whole loss incurred by George Newbold through his agent is between $4000 and $5000, and he thereby came within an ace of being ruined; indeed he had a fearful struggle to maintain his position, through disappointment of receiving his rights and reasonable expectations. I need scarcely add that he has the sympathies of all parties, while the cause of his trouble is shunned by all right men as one that will bear looking after in all future time. In conclusion of this hitherto mysterious matter, I've done nothing but relate *facts*, which can be proved at any time, with the desire to show where the blame belongs in the failure of the Big Fight in America. It is possible that Mr. Newbold may adopt some suitable person to give the Farnborough Fight another and a better show for public patronage in America, and if so, may success attend on his efforts! As an instance of the gentleman's liberality, it is well known that to many of those whose portraits he sells, he pays handsomely for sitting, then presents them with a couple, afterwards letting them have all additional copies at cost price. What better idea can be given than this?—To be continued.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

MISS LAURA KEENE.

BORN in England, in 1830. Gained considerable celebrity at Mme. Vestris' Theatre—the Lyceum, London. Made her *debut* at the Olympic Theatre, London, in October, 1851, as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons." When Mr. Wallack became lessee of the Lyceum, New York, he engaged this lady for the leading business; she crossed the Atlantic and made her *debut* September 20th, 1852, as Albina Mandeville, in "The Will." During the season she became a great favorite.

Miss Keene was engaged by Mr. W. for the second season, but in less than two months, she retired from the establishment. In a short time she became Manager of the Charles street Theatre, Baltimore, where she remained three months, at the end of which time she sailed for California, and made her *debut* at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco. On the 29th of June, 1854, she became Manager of the Union Theatre. From San Francisco, she departed for Australia; where, after remaining a season, she returned to San Francisco.

Returned to New York, and in November, 1855, opened the Metropolitan Theatre, as "The Varieties." Miss Keene won many friends, and at the close of the season, confidently believed that she could retain possession to the end of the year, but, by some means never made public, Mr. W. E. Burton obtained the lease, and the lady found herself not only without a theatre, but encumbered with engagements already signed, for the next season, thus entailing upon her a loss of all her hard earnings invested in scenery, properties, dresses, &c., not to mention the loss of time and the wear of mind in the endeavor to establish a good and popular reputation for a house burdened with the odium of repeated and disastrous failures. By her energy and activity, by sacrifices and privations which no woman should be called on to suffer, she not only redeemed a broken down establishment, but she raised it to a point of popularity and success not exceeded by that of any other theatrical establishment in the city. She effected all this alone, aided only by that public good will and patronage which has flowed in upon her spontaneously, fostering her efforts and sustaining her courage under difficulties which might otherwise have daunted, dismayed and overcome.

Miss Keene immediately found friends, among whom was Mr. John M. Trimble, who at once set about erecting a new Theatre, expressly for her, which was opened on the 18th of November, 1856, with Shakespeare's "As You Like It." This is the Theatre at present occupied by her. Previous to the opening, she took a starring tour, visiting some of the principal cities, with great success, making her first appearance in Philadelphia, Oct. 20th, 1856, at the Walnut street Theatre, as Constance, in "The Love Chase."

Miss Keene possesses considerable personal attractions; a pretty and expressive face, fine figure, and a voice remarkable for its sweetness and flexibility. Her manner is sprightly and full of grace, and her acting always correct and pleasing.

She is at present managing her establishment in New York, and we are happy to say in the full tide of success.

MISS JANE COOMBS.

MADE her first appearance on any stage during the season of 1855–6, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, for the benefit of Edwin Forrest, when she appeared as Pauline, to the beneficaire's "Claude Melnotte."

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, January 26th, 1856, at the Walnut street Theatre, as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet."

This lady is a pupil of Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder. Nature has been very kind to her. She is a handsome blonde, with wonderful eyes, and the most thoroughly ladylike manner imaginable. Her elocution is excellent; she reads well and plays naturally. Here and there you can catch her thinking of what she has to do next; which is natural in one of no greater experience. We have never seen a woman who promised greatness more, or possessed in a larger degree the faculty of enlisting upon her side the sympathies of an audience. She resembles Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, very much, and is said by some, to copy that lady's style of acting; this is not so, as she never saw that lady. Miss Coombs is destined to be a bright particular star in the dramatic world. She has all the qualities to become so, and needs only patience and study to have all the critics on her side before she is two years older.

In October, 1861, in company with Mrs. Maeder, she sailed for England, and will doubtless soon appear at one of the London Theatres.

MISS ROSE SKERRE T.

BORN in New York, 1840. Unheralded by puff, or paragraph, announced by the barest modicum of advertising, Miss Skerrett made her *debut* at the Park Theatre. She at once became a great favorite with her audiences, who were delighted with her fresh, vigorous, enthusiastic style of acting. This lady was a great favorite at the Boston Museum. In 1859, she was at the Holiday street Theatre, Baltimore, where she remained for the season. At the opening of the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1860–61, she became a member of the company. As a private individual, her character is without a blemish; she is a lady of decided and original genius, of rare personal attractions, and in certain characters one of the most finished actresses on the stage.

Was united in marriage on the 12th of November, 1860, at the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, to Mr. L. R. Shewell, a very promising young actor. Soon after her marriage she retired from the stage.

MRS. ANNA COWELL.

MAIDEN name Anna Cruise. Born in Belfast, Ireland, April 3d, 1824; made her first appearance on any stage, when thirteen years of age, as a vocalist, at Glasgow, for the benefit of her sister. In April, 1846, she was united in marriage at Bath, to Mr. Cowell, a gentleman of rare literary attainments. In 1846, in company with her husband, she crossed the Atlantic, and made her *debut* on the American stage, in June, as Rosalind, at the National Theatre, New York; she soon after broke her engagement at this establishment, and opened at Mitchell's Olympic, where she became an immense favorite. She next visited Boston, opening at the old National, as Rosalind; first appearance in Philadelphia, July 11th, 1848, at the Arch street Theatre, as Madame Nanette, in "Mischief Making."

On the opening of the City Museum, Philadelphia, September 8th, 1855, she delivered the "opening address," and was attached to the company, making her *debut* in "Married Life."

Her "Chambermaids" have a flippant, forward freedom in them, which is peculiar to her. At present attached to the "Walnut," Philadelphia.

MISS ALICE GRAY.

BORN in Boston, MASS., in 1833. Made her first appearance on any stage at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, in 1849, as King Charles, in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."

In 1852, she went to Buffalo, where she remained until 1858.

On the opening night of the Metropolitan Thertre, Buffalo, September, 1858, Miss Gray was on the bills for Lady Teazle, and on her appearance upon the stage was greeted with a violent storm of hissing, started in the lower part of the house, (by the rabble of course), the efforts of her friends, however, to drown it with applause, proved unavailing. The cause of this disturbance, was said to be on account of her having made many enemies *behind* the curtain, and it was determined by those whom she had incensed that if she was engaged for the next season, she was to meet such a reception as would induce her to give way to new candidates for the favor of a Buffalo public.

This lady is a very fair actress, and is at present at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where she made her *debut* at the opening of season 1860 1. Miss Gray is possessed of a good voice, pretty face, fine figure, and good stage presence. Her readings are tasteful and correct. She, however, possesses many of the faults of pronunciation, and Western character of little *gaucheries*, that Mrs. Julia Dean exhibited some six years ago, coupled with an imitation of the intonation and manner of Mrs. Hoey, of Wallack's Theatre, New York. All imitations are inevitably inferior to the originals, and that of Miss Gray's, whether intentional or not, is no exception to the general rule. We would also suggest, that she displays a tendency to the evil habit of what is termed "driving" her voice, which destroys its sweetness, and renders the syllable pronunciation unpleasant. If she takes our remarks as friendly hints for her guidance, and with close study, and every attention to the details of the business, she will become a "Star" of the first magnitude.

Next week the Gougenheim Sisters, Maggie Mitchell, John E. McDonough, and George Boniface.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

HANDING OVER THE STAKES TO JEM MACE.—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 5, in consequence of an announcement that the battle money, £400, would be handed over to Jem Mace, at the old King John, Shoreditch, there was a gathering of the lovers of the P.R. in the large room, amongst them being some staunch supporters of pugilism from the East. The West was but poorly represented in comparison. The members of the profession mustered in great force—the following, among others, being present, viz: Jem Mace, (the Champion), Tom King, Nat Langham, Bob Travers, George Crockett, Billy Duncan (inspector of the P.R.A.), Tom Tyler, Micky Gannon, Jack Brookes, Jack Hicks, Young Lead, Young Hartley, George King, Old Alec Reed, &c., &c. Tom King did not arrive until late, but when he did put in an appearance, he was loudly cheered as he worked his way to the end of the room, and took a chair by the side of Mace, after giving and receiving a hearty shake of the hand, as an earnest of future friendship. After sundry drinks had been imbibed, Mr. Phillips, one of Mace's backers, stood up, and stated that he had a pleasing duty to perform in having to hand over to Jem Mace the £400 which he had so strenuously struggled for and gallantly won on January 28, at Godstone, after a battle for the Championship which was as interesting (bar nationalities) as that of Sayers and Heenan, and much more satisfactory, inasmuch that it was brought to a successful termination. The ceremony of handing the money having taken place, Mr. Phillips wished Mace every success in any future undertaking, and wound up by stating that King was worthy of all that could be done for him, this being only his third fight, and the fine manner in which he fought showed that there was the germ of future excellence in him, and in his (Mr. Phillips') opinion there was no doubt but that King would be Champion of England at no remote period. Jem Mace returned thanks to Mr. Phillips in a few words, after which he stated that Tom King and himself had been friends for some time, and until a very recent period did not think that they should have to contend together; in fact, he would rather have fought any one else, *and much preferred Heenan.* But as they did come together in antagonism, he (of course did his best to win. Having succeeded in gaining the victory, although a much harder task than he had bargained for, he would be at the back of King, and do all he could for him when he fought again, *and he also believed King would be the future Champion.* He wound up by stating that King and himself intended taking a joint sparring benefit at Hackney Wick, on Monday, Feb. 17, and afterwards taking a tour through the provinces. Respecting the deposit left by Goss, he stated his determination to cover the same on Thursday, and sincerely hoped the affair would not fall through. Mace then called upon his friends, as well as those of King, to rally round his late adversary as a losing man, and said that having given Sam Hurst £5 after their battle, on the present occasion he would head the gathering with £6, which he posted, and sat down amidst vociferous cheers and shouts of "Bravo, Jem." Jem then went round the room, and a sum was collected which Jem made up to £11. Old Nat, who would have a say, rose and stated, that if there was no opposition there would be no fights, and Mace and King having been sparring together, he (Nat) thought there was something in the Big 'un, and having managed to get him to the West end, contrived to find the money for him after great trouble. In the match with Young Broome, Nat stood £27 10s. in the battle-money, which was a great responsibility on his shoulders; but after his success in that battle, Nat got on much better, as the money was not so hard to be obtained. Langham expressed his satisfaction with his lad, who, now he had a start, would no doubt get on, and eventually fulfil all that Mace had promised for him. On the money which had been collected for King being handed to him, he thanked both the company and Mace for their kindness to him. He said he had only fought two battles previously, but the money having been found for him to encounter Mace, he was willing to fight, although he would rather have met any one except an old pal, but he thought he had fought a good battle with a good man. He knew he did his best to win, and, bar Mace, he thought it would take somebody out of the common way to beat him. After the fight, Mace and himself had shaken hands, and agreed to take a joint benefit. The health of both men was then drank separately, with musical honors, and the remainder of the evening spent in those convivialities which usually wind up such meetings. Great praise was awarded to Mr. Phillips for the capital arrangements which had been made as regards the time and place chosen for the mill; and several gentlemen, who were offered their extra fare, refused to receive the amount, stating that, as the Championship was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, the whole amount was, under the circumstances, remarkably reasonable.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOUR MILE RACE FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—J. BRIGHTON OF NORWICH AND S. BARKER OF BILLINGSGATE.—On Monday, Feb. 3, these pedestrians attended at West Brompton, to run four miles, for £25 a side and the Champion's Belt. According to the original articles this match ought to have taken place on the 24th of Dec. last, but, as in compliance with printed conditions, the belt was not produced by the backers of Brighton and delivered up, Sam refused to run. Barker, as the usual terms had not been strictly adhered to, claimed forfeit, but was subsequently induced to waive this, and consent to arrangements for the present meeting. There was a good muster of the metropolitans, and, when the preparatory matters had been adjusted, the pedestrians came to the mark fully equipped for the struggle. Brighton was unquestionably in admirable fettle, but Barker, although stated to be well, did not appear in such fine trim as on previous occasions. The competitors had to run sixteen laps to complete the distance, and when the referee had taken up his position, the signal was given, the men having to go by report of pistol. On dashing away the lead was taken by Barker, who made the running at a clipping pace, Brighton, who was not more than a couple of yards in the rear, was also laying to his work in good style, though, from his action, it was apparent he was running well within his pace. In this manner the first lap (quarter of a mile) was completed, and they continued to bound along at the same pace, yet throughout the performance of the first mile, which was accomplished in 4min 45sec., there was not the least variation of moment in the position of the competitors. The front position was held by Barker, who was running in his well-known style, but though he made strenuous efforts to cut his opponent down, Sam was not able to achieve his object, for though in the rear, Brighton, it was evident, was running quite within himself. The two miles were run in 10min. 6sec., Barker as they entered on the ninth lap (the first of the third mile) being about two yards in advance, and he continued to make the pace until entering the top bend of the course in the twelfth lap, this being the last of the third mile. Now Brighton made a fine dashing spurt, and succeeded in closing up the gap, and as they came dashing down the straight, was leading, Barker the moment he had been passed falling rapidly in the rear. The three miles were run in 15min. 12sec., and some few yards before Sam reached the goal to finish to the distance, he ceased running, and in company with W. Price (his backer) left the ground. Brighton had to run the last mile by himself, and this he did without the slightest diminution in speed; indeed, Brighton, to prove how little he was distressed, ran the last lap at a slashing pace, completing the four miles in 20min. 25sec.

DEERFOOT'S NEXT APPEARANCE.—THE INDIAN AND JOB SMITH.—As the time approaches near for the next match in which Deerfoot will be engaged, the excitement further increases, and great preparations are being made at the Copenhagen Grounds, Wandsworth, which is to be the scene of the coming contest. There will be room for 30,000 spectators, and a vast "arena" has been set apart to accommodate 5,000 who may wish to be select. The contest was to have taken place on Feb. 17, the distance to be run being six miles, the opponent of the Redskin on this occasion being the celebrated Job Smith of Hulme. The latter has been reserving his powers especially for this race; his friends say he is in fine fettle, and are sanguine of his success. The renowned Indian still believes he cannot be conquered, but is taking all care to get ready for the "struggle for the mastery."

FATAL ACCIDENT TO JEM MORGAN, HUNTSMAN.

An inquest was held at the residence of Mr. Edward Payne, of the Hundridge Farm, near Chesham, Bucks, on Monday, January 27, before Frederick Charsley, Esq., coroner, to inquire into the circumstances connected with the death of the renowned Jem Morgan, aged seventy-six, which took place on the Hundridge Farm, on Saturday Jan. 25. It appeared from the evidence, that on Saturday morning, Lord Lonsdale's hounds met at eleven o'clock at Weedon Hill Common, near Chesham, and the deceased went to the meet. Shortly before he arrived at Weedon Hill Common, he turned from the lane on to the green sward and his horse slipped and fell, Morgan falling on the left side of his head. Several persons came up to him and assisted him, and he said he thought there was not much the matter; he remounted and went to the meet. He followed the hounds for upwards of half an hour, and then, finding himself worse, went to the farm at Hundridge, the residence of Mr. Edward Payne, to whom he was greatly attached, and where he and his wife had been invited to dine. Several medical gentlemen were in prompt attendance, but we regret to say all their skill was unavailing. He was able to walk about the room for a short time, but soon after he had laid down on the sofa he tranquilly breathed his last. A post-mortem examination was made, from which it was evident that it was undoubtedly a case of a broken neck. Morgan resigned his post as huntsman to Lord Lonsdale about two years ago, since which time he has kept the "Plough Inn," at Tring, Herts. He was removed to his own home on Monday, and his remains were conveyed to the silent tomb on Thursday at two o'clock, at Tring.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE.

SIR:—You have before this heard of the untimely death of our old and respected friend, poor old Jem Morgan. Knowing that various reports will be spread, I thought I would give you the whole version of this most melancholy affair. The hounds met at Weedon Hill; he was coming up behind them, and turned out of the road on to the green sward; the frost not being quite out, his horse slipped up, and, falling on his head, threw poor old Jem on to his left side—of course, severely. I was the first man or per-

son who spoke to him when he arrived at the meet. I said, "Jem, you have been falling early this morning." His answer was, "Yes, and I think it's the worst fall I ever had in my life;" and so it proved. I said, "Should you like a drop of brandy?" He said, "Yes." "Come on, then," was my reply, and we went to a friend of mine, and he had some. He replied, "I feel better." On we went; a fox was found directly; he gave the first tally-ho, and, alas, his last. The hounds went away very fast for half an hour, and he rode as usual in his old fashioned style, and took two or three good fences. They made a ring, and came to the Willow Coppice, where he left us, and, feeling poorly, came to my house. On his arrival he said to my wife, "I have had a bad fall; will you give me some hot water to foment my neck, for as long as I can keep it from swelling, all will be well." I was sent for, and, I am proud to say, fortunately had four medical gentlemen in less than five minutes. They, seeing it was nearly all over, asked him to walk to the sofa, on which he died in less than five minutes after. I was standing near when he gave me his whip, but he could not speak. Of course, I shall keep it for his sake. The accident happened about eleven o'clock; he rode with the hounds half an hour, and was at my house about one hour before he died. An inquest was held on Monday. A post-mortem examination was made by Mr. Faithorn, and a more decided case of broken neck was never heard of; the bones were actually separated. God only knows how he could ever ride after it, but such was the case.

EDWARD PAYNE.

BILLIARDS.—A billiard match between the well-known players, W. Dufton, of London, and W. Hinton, of Oxford, was to take place on Feb. 20, in London, Dufton staking £60 to £40.

THE NEW ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN, making the third of that ilk now in the field, are making engagements for the ensuing campaign.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game *in full;* beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. M. HARWICH, C W.—We have no inclination to bandy pleasantries at present, but refer you to Mr. Andrew H. Mercer, who is fully capable of "gathering your crop" of ideas. See remarks to him this week. Also to Ousis, of Buffalo, N. Y.

A. H. MERCER, Wellsville, N. Y.—P. M. Harwich writes in the following strain regarding "Ayrshire Lassie:" Referring to the game published in the CLIPPER of January 25, he remarks thus:—"As there is no possible draw for White after the eighth move, if any of your authors or analysts think otherwise, I will attend to their case," &c., &c. The gentleman craves information. Shall he have it?

NOBODY, Philadelphia.—Please send your analysis all on one sheet and in its regular order; and it shall be examined. A "double dose" "goes against the grain."

OUSIS, Buffalo, N. Y.—P. M. H. writes as follows: "TO OUSIS—SIR, I beg leave to inform you that your first move after 3 to 8, puts it beyond the power of White to draw—thus:

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..25	21 (A)	18	23	8..22	19	10	24
2..27	18	8	12	9..28	19	16	32
3..26	22	16	20	10..15	11 (B)	32	27
4..32	27	7	11	11..11	8	27	23
5..14	10	6	15	12..8	3	23	18
6..18	14	11	16	13..3	8	18	15
7..13	9	15	18		Black wins.		

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Buffalo, Feb. 26th, 1862.—ED CLIPPER—DEAR SIR:—To relieve your correspondents of any farther controversy about the championship, as far as I am concerned, I will state my present position. I am willing to play any one I may meet, for the championship only. Skill must win it and nothing else.

Yours truly, HENRY SPAYTH.

CARD.—Buffalo, Feb. 26th, 1862.—ED CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR:—"Express" in the first place was offended because the *Irish Sporting Times*, Dublin, complimented the skill and deeds of our champion. Since that time "Express" has kept writing to relieve himself of the ridiculous position in which he was placed by taking sides against the Stars and Stripes by running down our American players. "Express" now says he is willing to go for the Old Flag, provided the yet "unbeaten Champion of America," Henry Spayth, "will release his hold as standard bearer." Words, I think, will not make the champion do that. "Express" says "he will bet $5 that the champion will not issue a challenge, *and play a match.* According to this proposition I would lose if the champion issued the challenge, and no one accepted. I will go $10 with "Express" that if the champion re issues his challenge to play for the championship and $1000, it will not be accepted, I have placed the $10 in responsible hands, and let "Express" come to time or dry up.

Yours, &c. SPECTATOR.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1862.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—This game is a correction of one in the Am. Draught Player, H Spayth, Esq., compiler. Corrected by Dr. I. Clute, New York.

GAME NO. 41.—VOL. IX.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	14.. 7	to 10	27	to 23
2.. 8	11	22	17	15..22	26	23	19
3.. 4	8	17	13	16..26	31	32	28
4..16	18	24	20	17..31	26	30	23
5..11	15	28	24	18.. 2	6	18	14
6.. 8	11	26	23	19..10	17	23	18
7.. 9	14	31	26	20..21	25	29	22
8.. 5	9	21	17	21..17	26	19	15
9..14	21	23	5	22.. 3	8	18	14
10..15	18	26(b)	23	23..11	18	14	9
11..18	22(a)	25	18	24.. 6	10	9	6
12..10	15	19	10	25..10	15	6	2
13.. 6	22	23	18	26..26	31 drawn.		

(a) The "Luminary of the West" plays it like unto this:—

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1.. 3	8	23	14	8..10	19	24	15
2..10	17	27	23	9..12	16	15	10
3.. 6	9	13	6	10..16	19	10	7
4.. 2	9	23	(b) 18	11.. 3	12	7	3
5..17	22	18	14	12..11	15	3	7
6.. 9	18	32	28	13..19	23	7	10
7.. 7	10	19	15		White wins.		

(b) He also calls these the (*) moves.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 45—VOL. IX.

BY C. ALLEN.

White.		Black.	
1..17	14	18	9
2..11	7	2	11
3..19	15	11	18
4.. 1	5	4	11
5.. 5	21, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 63d POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..19	14	20	27
2..18	22, and wins.		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
14..14	18	19	16
15..10	15	17	14

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
16.. 1	6	23	16
17.. 6	10	28	24
18..10	15	16	12

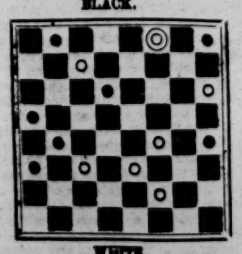
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
1..11	15	23	19
2.. 8	11	26	23
3.. 9	13	23	18

POSITION No. 46.—VOL. IX.

BY C. ALLEN.

BLACK.

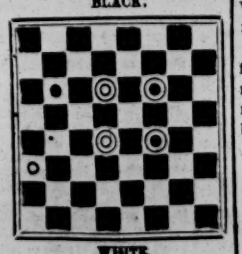


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 64th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY REMO.

GAME BETWEEN MISS MARY E. M. AND J. P. SWEET.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Miss Mary E. M.		J. P. Sweet.		Miss Mary E. M.		J. P. Sweet.	
1..11	15	23	19	10..11	16	30	11
2.. 8	11	22	17	11.. 7	16	25	22
3.. 4	8	17	13	12..18	25	29	22
4..15	18	24	20	13.. 3	7	22	18
5..11	15	28	24	14..15	22	19	15
6.. 8	11	26	22(a)	15..10	28	17	3
7.. 9	14	31	26	16..22	26	3	8
8.. 5	9	26	23	17..16	29 and wins.		
9.. 1	5	22	17				

(a) 26 to 26 loses; 26 to 23 draws.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward *post paid* at the prices named:—CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, 18mo pp. 216, edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq., 75 cents. BRADLE'S DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR, pp. 80, by the same, 10 cents. MIRON'S BLANK DIAGRAMS, $1 per 100. Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 Ann street, N. Y."

THE PROBLEM TOURNEY.—We are highly pleased to be able to announce that the field opened by the CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNEY which so many affected to sneer at is to be cultivated largely, and we doubt not, successfully at the forthcoming "World's Congress," in its problem department. £50 are to be set apart for the prizes in this department, which will all be awarded in cash, and "on a liberal scale." But what gratifies us especially is the following announcement:—"Three novelties will form features of this interesting Tourney, viz: a prize for the best set of Chess Studies; one for Suicidal Problems; and a third for the best single problem. For this last, Mr. Henry Waite, with great liberality, gives a prize of £10." With whom these *novelties* in the arrangement of the programme originated, our readers need not be told.

BRISTOL CONGRESS PROB TOUR.—We have, at last, through the *Era*, the following complete report of the committee of award in the Problem competition of the last meeting of the British Chess Association at Bristol. The meeting was held at the rooms of the London Chess Club, Rev. W. Wayte, umpire, in the chair:—

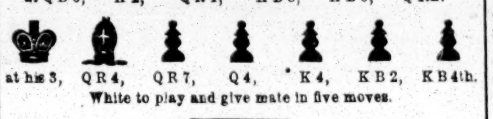
The Managing Director, Mr. Loewenthal, stated that sixteen sets of Problems had been sent in from all parts of Europe and America. The umpire then declared that it had been unanimously agreed to bestow the first prize upon the set of Problems bearing the motto "Climax;" the second prize to "Careless of, yet striving for;" the third to "Sodalis inter magistros," and the fourth to "Extremos pudeat redusse." The envelopes were then opened by the umpire, when it was found that the names of the winners were as follows:—1st, F. Healey; 2d, Herr Conrad Bayer; 3d, Count Arnold Pongracs; and the 4th, William Mitcheson. This result affords the best proof that could be given that Messrs. Healey and Bayer are still at the top of the tree as Problem composers. Count Pongracs is well known in Chess circles as a composer of no ordinary merit; and his Problems on this occasion are of a very superior order. Mr. Mitcheson has but recently come into notice; and we have, therefore, to congratulate him upon his first success in a general competition. Favorable mention has been made of several other sets concerning which we shall have something to say next week. It was resolved that the Prize Problems, which are the property of the Chess Association, should be published. The prizes consist of—1. A set of ivory Staunton Chess men, value five guineas; 2. A smaller set value £3 13s, 6d.; 3. A carved chess board; 4. A copy of Morphy's games (Bohn's Edition), together with the *Era* Problem Tournament Book.

ENIGMA No. 318.

From the Era.

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

at Q B 6, K 2, Q R 4, K B 8, K B 6, Q 4th.



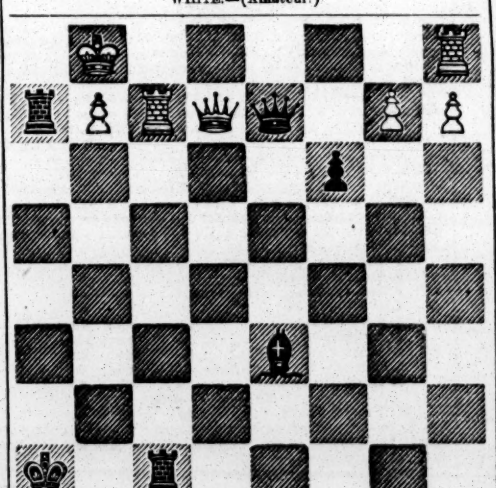
at his 3, Q R 4, Q R 7, Q 4, K 4, K B 2, K B 4th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 318.

End-game between our contributor J. R. C., of Batavia, N. Y., and another amateur.

WHITE.—(Amateur.)



BLACK.—(J. R. C.)

Black played and forced mate in seven moves.

GAME NO. 318.

BETWEEN OUR CONTRIBUTORS

F. Eugene Brenzinger and D. Eugene Delmar.

EVANS GAMBIT.

1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q×B 3d P	K B–Kt 3
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	15..Q Kt–Q 2	K Kt×Kt
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	16..Kt×K Kt	Q R–B sq
4..P–Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	17..B–Q B 5	K B×B
5..P–Q B 3	B–Q R 4	18..Q×K B	Q–K 2
6..P–Q 4	K P×P	19..Q×Q P	Q–K 3
7..Castles	K Kt–B 3	20..Q–her B 5	P–Q R 3
8..P–K 5	P–Q 4	21..K Kt–K 4	Q–her B 3
9..K B–Kt 5	K Kt–K 5	22..Q–Kt 4	Q–Kt 4
10..Q B–R 3	Q 2d P×P	23..Q–her R 3	Q×K P
11..Q–her R 4	P–Q B 7	24..K R–K sq	K–Q sq
12..K B×Kt+	Kt P×B	25..K Kt–B 6	Q–her 4, and
13..Q×B 2d P+	Q B–Q 2	Attack mates in two moves.	

Herr Kolisch has recently been displaying his high powers to great advantage with the amateurs of the *Cafe de la Regence.* Here is a "very brilliant" specimen. Herr K. gives his Q Kt.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Herr Kolisch.	Mr. Mortimer.	Herr. Kolisch.	Mr. Mortimer.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..B to K Kt 5+	K Kt–B 3
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	13..Q R×B	R–Q Kt sq
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	14..Q R–Q sq	P–K R 3
4..P–Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	15..B×K Kt+	Kt P×B
5..P–Q B 3	B–Q R 4	16..Kt–K R 4	Q Kt–Q 5
6..Castles	P–Q 3	17..Q R×Kt(a)	K P×R
7..P–Q 4	B×B P	18..Kt–K B 6+	K–home
8..B×B P+	K×K B	19..Q–K Kt 3(b)	Q–K 2(c)
9..Q–Kt 3+	Q B–K 3	20..Q–Kt 5+	K–Q sq
10..P–Q 5	K B×R	21..K Kt×Q	K×K Kt, and
11..P×Q B+	K–his 2	Attack mates in two.	

(a) The position is very singular, and the sacrifice of the exchange quite sound.

(b) All this is very brilliant; it leads to a speedy victory.

(c) There was nothing better: if Q to her B sq, the Attack would have mated in four moves.

PETERSON'S COMPLETE COIN BOOK, is just published. It contains fac-simile impressions of all the various gold, silver, and other metallic coins of the world, with value, etc. It is invaluable to merchants and business men, in whose offices it should invariably be found. Price 50 cents. New York Publisher, F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street.

POLITICAL.—Which side of the question now agitating the country is it, that the rebels don't like? Burnside.

ACTION is a great hygienic principle. Inaction fills more hospitals than energetic strife; it is better far to wear out, than to rust out.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TEN.

PRIZE BATTLE BETWEEN

JOHN MONAHAN AND JAMES HART,

ON DECEMBER 18, 1855.

The fight between these men, both then residents of Boston, Mass, took place on the above date at Island Pond, Canada, for $300 a side, the articles having been signed therefor in the month of October. The last deposit was made on Dec. 14th, and on the following day, Saturday the 15th, both men accompanied by their trainers and friends, left Boston for the battle field. The boys made their head-quarters at the Green Mountain House, located near the above locality, until the day for the fight to take place, when they arose early and proceeded on their way to find a suitable location on which to erect the ring. After journeying about twenty miles, on a very cold day over difficult roads, they espied a house, and made tracks for it. The inhabitants were found to be of the right stripe, and let the pugs have pretty much their own way, a course that resulted considerably to their profit. Having warmed up, the "boys" set about pitching the ring, within 15 feet of the house—it was as pretty a 24 foot ring as any one would wish to see; the only draw-back was, that the ground was frozen so hard that it was found to be utterly impossible to remove all the hills, &c., and therefore the arena was rather a bad spot for wrestling. The house was re-entered, and umpires chosen. The arrangements were now complete, and at about 11 o'clock, Hart threw his cap into the ring, and immediately followed it—he was accompanied by men who had seen considerable service in the prize ring. Monahan immediately responded to the challenge, and, esquired by Barney Ford and John Roberts, stood within the roped arena. Principals and seconds then shook hands together, and returned to their corners to await the call for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Although under the lee of the house, the wind cut through and through the shivering frames of the spectators, and made their ears tingle again. As the men appeared at the scratch, "stripped to the buff" above the waist, the cold immediately began to tell upon them, and it was deemed the better part of valor to go in at once. Monahan was a well built little fellow, and looked in capital condition—his weight, in the ring, was 129 lbs. Hart, notwithstanding the disadvantage he labored under in his training, by the desertion of Mr. Clare, also looked well, though not quite as hardy and tough as his opponent—Hart's weight was 129½ lbs. Monahan looked all confidence as he placed himself in position, and there was an expression in his countenance that seemed to say, "If daylight holds out, the battle's mine." Hart, on the contrary, seemed rather hopeful than confident, but as he raised his arms for the first shock, there was a look in his eyes that betokened a determination to do his best. After a little sparring, Hart let fly, catching Monahan rather severely on the forehead. Monahan, quick as thought, returned heavily on Hart's ribs and nose, when the men closed, and Hart was thrown. Cries of "first blood for Hart."

2. On reaching the scratch, it was plainly perceptible that both men were bleeding—Monahan from a cut on the forehead, and Hart from the nose. Monahan was first to lead off, and succeeded in reaching Hart lightly in the mouth. Hart returned with his right on John's forehead. In the close, Monahan was thrown. In this round Hart severely injured his hand, and the injury told against him throughout the fight.

3. Hart was first to the scratch, and at once struck out, catching Monahan on the mug. Monahan was with him, however, and returned heavily on Hart's ribs, a "rib-roaster," as he called it. The round was ended by Hart being thrown.

4. Hart at once made play, hit out, but was short. Monahan tried his luck and got home on Hart's nob, when both got into close quarters, and Monahan was thrown heavily. Cries from Hart's corner, "now where's your wrestler?"

5. The fall Monahan received in the last round left sundry marks on the cuticle, and for a moment slightly dispirited him, but he was himself again in a jiffy, and after a little light work, both went down.

6. Monahan looked mischief, and at once lunged out, reaching Hart on the mouth, though without much force—in the close that followed, Hart was thrown.

7. Monahan again took the initiative, and delivered on the old spot, the ribs—a clinch followed, and Monahan was thrown. Hart's second now urged him to fight, but the pain in his injured hand seemed to disconcert him.

8. On reaching the scratch, Hart sent in one rather heavily on Monahan's frontispiece; Monahan, however, as usual, returned with one of his rib-roasters, and a rally followed, and in struggling for the fall, Hart was thrown heavily on his head.

9. There was little done in this round—Hart hit light, and Monahan returned, but was short—a close, and both down.

10. Thus far there had not been a great deal of damage sustained on either side, but as if by mutual agreement both men went to work in earnest in this round. Hart made play, and seeing a fair opening, let fly, and caught Monahan a terrific blow on the cheek, that made the latter stagger again, but instead of following up this "sockdologer," by repeating the dose, he seemed to await Johnny's return, which, in all cases, if not prevented by a succession of blows, was sure to follow—Monahan recovered himself in time to prevent mischief, by delivering on Hart's ribs, and went down. It was thought that the blow Monahan received in this round was the hardest given during the fight, and if properly followed up, as advised by Hart's seconds, might have given a different termination to the contest.

11. Hart improving—after short sparring, Hart first to lead off, reaching Monahan's pimple, when a close followed, and Monahan was sent to earth.

12. Hart was first to the scratch, but Monahan on facing him, at once led off, and gave Hart a "remembrancer" on the rib department—Hart returned the compliment on Monahan's top piece, and then closed—a rally ensued, in which both found Mother Earth in Hart's corner. In this round Monahan was badly spiked in his left hand.

13. In this round a little incident occurred, which seemed to give variety to the battle. Hart, succeeded in getting home on Monahan's nose, and slipping, left himself open, which Monahan took advantage of by going in. Hart, supposing his being down should have protected him from the attack, said, "how is this?" Monahan replied "you are on your feet," when Hart sent in one, and Monahan was down.

14. Monahan's blows lacked that force which was exhibited in the first part of the battle, while Hart's seemed as telling as ever. Monahan attempted to get in, but missed—Hart then tried it, but slipped and went down.

15. Light skirmishing, and in the close, Monahan was thrown.

16. Hart opened the game, touching Monahan's nose; Monahan, in return, hit short, and in the end both were down.

17. No advantage on either side.

18. Both men seemed to suffer greatly from the cold and from their too close acquaintance with the frozen ground—in fact, it is doubtful if two men ever stripped to fight on a day as cold as this proved to be—the extreme severity of the weather was almost sufficient to make any man refuse to toe the scratch again to bear the rude buffets of old Boreas, let alone standing the pelting of an opponent's fist in addition thereto. However, the Rubicon had been crossed, and the battle must on. Hart had the best of this round, fighting his man over the ring to his corner, when Monahan went down.

19. Hart's ribs began to show the visitation of Monahan's "roasters;" and to assist in bringing matters in those quarters to a head, Monahan got in another one on the same spot, but napped one-two in return, and was finally thrown.

20. On toeing the mark, Hart lunged out and got in on Monahan's cheek. In-fighting, in which Hart had the advantage, but his blows did not tell with much effect; he then tried his bad hand, but Monahan was on the lay for him, and gave him a cross buttock.

21. Monahan looked mischievous—Hart delivered on Monahan's head—more in-fighting, Monahan's hands very busy about Hart's head, giving him some telling blows. Monahan had a decided advantage in this round.

22. A clinch, when Hart struck up, but missed, and was thereupon thrown.

23. Hart first to respond to the call—attempted to hit, but was out of reach. Monahan returned, getting home sharply on the cheek. Hart countered, when Monahan again reached him with his right, sending Hart on his latter end, when Ford exclaimed, "first knock down for Monahan."

24. Monahan gave Hart another "rib-roaster" for a shot he received on the head, and a rally followed, ending in Monahan being thrown.

25. Quite short—give and take—both down—Hart spiked in his foot.

26. It was a difficult matter for the men to keep a perpendicular position, on account of the slippery condition of the ground. Monahan, in endeavoring to get home on the "sore spot," slipped, which, Hart perceiving, he tried to give Monahan an ugly uppercut, which threatened mischief, but it went short of its mark, and only had the effect of sending Hart down.

27. Monahan took the lead, and out-fought Hart at every point, until the latter was sent down; Monahan slipped, and also went down, and both sat opposite each other laughing.

28. Hart got in one, two, on his opponent's cheek, and Monahan down.

29. Short hits on both sides—Hart slipped down in his corner on his hands and knees.

30. Hart led off, made play, but missed—Monahan, with his return, got in on the old spot, and the nose, but was thrown in the clinch that followed.

31 to 34. But little variation; some good in-fighting, in which there was not much advantage on either side.

35. Both men thus far had proved themselves game—Hart was rather impetuous, and seemed to depend as much on wrestling, in which he had an advantage, as on fighting. Monahan was cool in every sense, and manœuvred very nicely, but, as a general thing, he was out-fought. He seemed as strong as when he first entered the ring, and had made up his mind to be with his opponent as long as he was able to move on his pins. Hart again led off, and reached Monahan on the nose—they then closed, and Monahan was thrown on the ropes, when he slipped down.

36. Hart immediately went in for the throw, and after a short struggle, he succeeded in getting Monahan in a proper position, and very handsomely cross-buttocked him.

37. Monahan at once got to work, when Hart closed—sharp in-fighting, Monahan having the best of it, till his opponent went down.

38. Monahan at it again, and gave Hart another telling rib-roaster, and then went down.

39. Hart first to the scratch; as Monahan came up he rapped a heavy one on the cheek, and went down—this was claimed as a knock-down blow, but not allowed as such.

40. There was considerable fighting in this round, and heavy hitting on both sides—give and take was the order of the day, until both finally went to earth.

41. Both men looked pretty fresh, considering that the battle had now been in progress for three quarters of an hour—and it was surprising to the spectators that they "held their own" so well. On reaching the scratch, they went in to a rally, in which Hart was thrown, and again spiked in the foot.

42. Although first at the scratch, Hart's appearance plainly betokened that he was suffering acutely, and was unable to use his injured hand. Nevertheless, he made play, and endeavored to get in with his good hand, but missed—a rally then ensued, in which Monahan was sent down, and Hart delivered a blow at the same time. "Foul" was claimed by the seconds of Monahan, but the Referee would not allow it.

43. Hart still persevered, but he was met with interest by Monahan, and at last Hart was thrown.

44. Hart, as usual, first at the scratch, but very much distressed—he was almost numb with the cold—as before, however, he led off with his good hand, and got in on the side of Monahan's head. They then closed, and struggled for the fall, when both went down outside the ropes.

45 and last. Time being called, Monahan was the first to respond—he also was numb with the cold, and beginning to feel weak. Hart, it seems, had determined to give up the contest, but his seconds had been urging him to fight on, as he had thus far the best of it, and must eventually win. As Monahan toed the scratch, Hart eyed him, and soon arose from his second's knee, when the fatal response to his seconds' entreaties, was heard, "I won't." He then walked up to Monahan, who was greatly surprised to see Hart extend to him the hand of friendship, and thus relinquish the battle. On seeing this, Hart's second at once threw up the sponge. Never was man more astonished than was Monahan at this agreeably unexpected termination to the battle.

REMARKS.

Thus ended the battle between James Hart and John Monahan. That it was well contested, no one can dispute—but that it should be brought to such a strange conclusion, naturally excited wonder. Monahan, though not then a great fighter, but he is game to the back bone, and can "stay" a long while—played his points exceedingly well throughout the battle, manœuvering in such a manner as to get his opponent to take the initiative almost all through the contest, and, as in the case of Hyer *versus* Sullivan, being perfectly satisfied to receive, so that he could make his return, which he almost invariably did with complete success; in this way Hart, by forcing the fighting, became gradually weakened, whilst his opponent, by acting on the defensive, gained somewhat of an advantage in this respect. Hart, though defeated, proved himself to be a very clever pugilist—his positions were not only good, but they were handsome. His relinquishing the fight, when the chances certainly seemed to be in his favor, looks strange, but taking into consideration the fact that his hand was in a bad state, and that his sufferings therefrom were acute in the extreme, and that each succeeding round only tended to aggravate the injury and prolong and increase the pain, the wonder is not so great. Everything passed off harmoniously, and the parties returned to Boston without the least ill-feeling on either side.

SKATING.

The following is an extract from an article entitled "Love and Skates," by the late Theodore Winthrop, which appeared in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine:*—

First: Of your physical qualities. You must have lungs, not bellows; and an active heart, not an assortment of sluggish auricles and ventricles. You must have legs, not shanks. Their shape is unimportant, except that they must not interfere at the knee. You must have muscles, not flabbiness; sinews like wire; nerves like sunbeams; and a thin layer of flesh to cushion the gable-ends, where you will strike if you tumble—which, once for all be it said, you must never do. You must be all *momentum*, and no *inertia*. You must be one part grace, one force, one agility, and the rest caoutchouc, Manilla hemp, and watch-spring. Your machine, your body, must be thoroughly obedient. You must go so far and no farther. You have not to be as unerring as a planet holding its own, emphatically, between forces centripetal and centrifugal. Your *aplomb* must be as absolute as the pounce of a falcon.

So much for a few of the physical qualities necessary to be a great artist in skating.

Now for the moral and intellectual. Pluck is the first; it always is the first quality. Then enthusiasm; then patience; then pertinacity; then a fine æsthetic faculty—in short, good taste; then an orderly and submissive mind that can consent to act in accordance with the laws of art.

But granted the ice and the legs, then, if you begin in the elastic days of youth, when cold does not sting, tumbles do not bruise, and ducklings do not wet; if you have pluck and ardor enough to try everything; if you work slowly ahead and stick to it; if you have good taste and a lively invention; if you are a man and not a lubber; then, in fine, you may become a great skater, just as with equal power and equal pains you may put your grip on any kind of greatness.

Geometry must have its diagrams, anatomy its *corpus* to carve. Skating also refuses to be spiritualised into a science; it remains an art, and cannot be expressed in a formula.

Our hero added to these an indefinite list of combinations and fresh contrivances. He spun spirals slow, and spirals neck or nothing. He pivoted on one toe, with the other foot cutting rings, inner and outer edge, forward and back. He skated on one foot better than others could on both. He ran on his toes; he slid on his heels; he cut up shines like a sunbeam on a bender; he swung, light as if he could fly—if he pleased, like a wing-footed Mercury; he glided as if will, not muscle, moved him; he tore about in frenzies; his pivoted leg stood firm, his balance leg flapped like a graceful pinion; he turned somersaults; he jumped, whirling backward as he went, over a platoon of boys laid flat on the ice; the last boy winced, and thought he was amputated; but Wade flew over, and the boy still holds together as well as most boys. Besides this, he could write his name, with a flourish at the end, like the *rubrica* of a Spanish hidalgo. He could podograph any letter, and multitudes of ingenious curlicues which might pass for the alphabets of the unknown tongues. He could *not* tumble.

It was Fine Art.

PRESENCE OF MIND JUST BEFORE BEING MURDERED.—A party of Whiteboys entered a house in which were a man, his wife, and their daughter, a little girl. The three were all together in one room. The ruffians rushed into the room, dragged the man out of the house, and there proceeded to murder him. In the room where the woman and girl remained, there was a closet with a hole in its door, through which a person placed inside could see into the room. The woman concealed the little girl in the closet, and said to her, "Now, child, they are murdering your father down stairs, and when they have murdered him they will come up here and murder me. Take care that, while they are doing it, you look well at them, and mind you swear to them when you see them in the court. I will throw turf on the fire the last thing, to give you light, and struggle hard that you may have time to take a good view." The little girl looked in through the hole in the closet door while her mother was being murdered. She marked the murderers well; she swore to them when she saw them in the court of justice, and they were convicted on her evidence.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS.....Proprietors.
JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer. | WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers.
A. ROSS, Officer.
SIXTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE O THE WORLD.
The company is composed of the following talented artists:—
S. C. CAMPBELL, the distinguished baritone.

EPH HORN,	T. J. PEEL,	N. W. GOULD,
J. H. SIVORI.	W. L. HOBBS.	G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. HILTON,	E. H. FLORENCE,	T. GETTINGS,
J. MORRISON,	J. GARATAGUA,	FRANK LESLIE,

NEIL BRYANT, DAN BRYANT.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. Tickets, 25 cts. 35tf

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, STUYVESANT HALL, 659 BROADWAY
R. M. HOOLEY & G. W. H. GRIFFIN,.....Proprietors.
A BAND OF PICKED STARS.
Each member standing at the head of his profession, and without a rival in his peculiar line.
Read the names and be convinced.

CHARLEY FOX,		W. ARLINGTON,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,		DAVE REED,
ROLLIN HOWARD.		J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,		GEO. GRAY,
T. McNAILY.		AUG'T ASCHE,
J. SMITZE,	and	R. M. HOOLEY.

L. A. ZWISLER, Agent.
All the newest features of Negro Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the above incomparable troupe.
Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7¼. Tickets 25 cts [35-tf

444 AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. 444
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY 444
TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM!
CROWDED HOUSES! CROWDED HOUSES!
HUNDREDS UNABLE TO GAIN ADMISSION!
The entertainment nightly given at this establishment far eclipses, in splendor and magnitude, anything of the kind ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic. The immense company attached to the American Music Hall
STAND FIRST IN THEIR LINE
on the score of talent, originality, intellect and versatility, forming THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF ARTISTS IN THE WORLD.
Behold the list of talent:

TONY PASTOR,		BEN COTTON,
	CHARLEY WHITE,	
J. A. HERMAN,		BOB HART,
	HARRY LESLIE,	
JOHNNY PIERCE.		M. TURNER,

Masters GERMAINE and TOMMY,
MISS ERNESTINE DeFAIBER,
MISS MILLIE FLORA, MISS ANNIE LEE,
MISS LIZZIE SCHULTZE.
MISS IDA ROSS, MISS MATILDA SCHULTZE,
FRANK MONELL, MISS A. HARRISON, MISS FLORENCE,
JULIA MELVILLE, MOLLIE MAYNE,
Together with a full and efficient
CORPS DE BALLET,
Under the direction of
MONS PAUL BRILLANT,
AND THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE CITY,
Under the immediate supervision of
FERD. VON OLKER.
Admission, Parquette 20 cts; Gallery 10 cts; Private Boxes $4.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Proprietor.
44-tf MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

GREAT CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 585 BROADWAY.
THE MOST RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE
AND CONTINUOUS SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER
Are nightly elicited from DELIGHTED THOUSANDS, BY THE GREAT CANTERBURY COMPANY, conceded by all to be
THE LARGEST, MOST VERSATILE AND TALENTED
that ever appeared upon one stage in the United States.

BILLY BIRCH,		BEN COTTON,
J. A. HERMAN,		G. GERMAINE,

the two greatest delineators of the contraband race in the world, appear in their original songs, dances and burlesque acts every night.
sing their beautiful Ballads every night
FATTIE STEWART and W. B HARRISON,
the two best comic singers of the age.
THE BEAUTIFUL CLIFFORD SISTERS,
MILLE. ADELAIDE PRICE,
THE DELEVANTE BROTHERS,

R. M. CARROLL,	W. N. SMITH,	BYRON CHRISTY,
FRANK SPEAR,	WM. ROSS,	and

THE CANTERBURY MINSTRELS and the BROADWAY MINSTRELS, combined, all appear this week in an entire change of programme AT THE GREAT CANTERBURY.
ROBERT FOX, Agent.
CHAS. NORRIS, Treasurer.
N. B. First class Talent treated with on liberal terms. 46-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
THE MOST MAGNIFICENT MINSTREL TEMPLE IN THE WORLD.
The Scenery, Traps, Properties, Gas Fixtures, Heating Apparatus, and Ventilation, will vie successfully with any theatre in this country, and is crowded nightly by the elite and fashion.
The company consists of the following well known artists:—

LON MORRIS,	E BOWERS,	MAST. LEON,
BILLY MORRIS,	J. B. DONNIKER,	E KELLY,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. P. ENDRES,	AUGUST SCHNEIDER,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	E. W. PRESCOTT,	A. LUDWIG,
J. J. HILLIARD,	F. WILMARTH,	D J. MAGUINNIS,

without a doubt the greatest array of stars ever before congregated in any similar troupe.
43 tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successor to John E. Bacon.)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 47

GAYETY MUSIC HALL. (Late Gayety Theatre.)
GREEN STREET, BETWEEN BEAVER AND HUDSON STREETS,
ALBANY, N. Y.
THE ONLY FIRST CLASS MUSIC HALL IN THE CITY.
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON, WITH A STAR COMPANY,
And conducted on the style of the Great Canterbury, Melodeon, and Broadway Music Halls, New York.
Afternoon Matinees every Saturday, for Ladies and Children.
FITZPATRICK, HOWARD & LANGRISH, Proprietors.

Acting Manager..Charley Lewis.	Leader of Ochestra..Wm. Blythe.
Stage Manager...Charley Lewis.	Machinist.....J. A. Roberts.

Stars treated with on liberal terms. Address letters to
47 1t* HARRY HOWARD, Box 9 6
Wanted immediately, a first class Danseuse, a good singing Lady, also a good Bass and Tenor.

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN,
COR. OF FULTON AND PINEAPPLE STREETS.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor and Manager.
L. B PACKARD.....Treasurer.
On WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 5th, a Grand Complimentary Benefit to MR. ISAAC BURTIS, the Manager.
NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!
We still adhere to the old motto— FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every weeek. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 46-tf

MACFARLAND'S METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
The undersigned having leased the Detroit Theatre for the ensuing season, commencing March 17th, would be happy to treat with any first class Stars to visit Detroit. This is the only Theatre in Detroit. It holds Three Hundred Dollars. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability can obtain permanent situations by applying immediately to the undersigned. A. MACFARLAND. 47-1t

CORINTHIAN HALL,
SYRACUSE, N. Y
This Hall is 110 by 66 feet, capable of seating easily from 1200 to 1500 persons. Recent improvements render it superior to any Hall in the interior of the State for Concerts, Lectures, and Exhibitions of every description. $2,500 worth of scenery is attached to the stage. Apply to or direct to CHARLES R. WRIGHT, Agent,
47 8t Office No. 1, Hall Building.

NOTICE.—On account of serious damage done to one of the walls of the Theatre by the recent heavy snow storms, which requires immediate repairs, Capt. SMITH is obliged to close his Theatre for a few days, until the necessary repairs are made. The owner of the building has made arrangements to put the building in order without delay, when due notice will be given of the re-opening.
47-1t* CAPT. J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

WANTED—A Business Manager for SEARL and LADY, now drawing crowded houses in the West. Business—Necromancy, Ventriloquism and Second Sight. Must have $100 to deposit as security for faithful discharge of duties. Address J. M. SEARL, care box 955, Chicago, Illinois. 47 2t*

NATIONAL THEATRE, CINCINNATI.
JOHN BATES.....Proprietor.
A. W. FENNO.....Stage Manager.
W. SHIRES.....Acting Manager.
☞ OPEN EVERY NIGHT. ☜
SPLENDID STAR COMPANY.
The National Theatre building stands on a lot 100 feet front by 206 feet deep, and is a most imposing and beautiful structure. The Dress Circle is level with the street. The Auditorium is 70 feet wide and 70 feet deep to the front of the Stage, which is 85 feet wide and 70 feet deep.
WITH EVERY FACILITY FOR SCENIC EFFECTS.

The Dress Circle will seat		600
Family Circle	do	600
Parquet	do	1,200
Gallery	do	600
Making in all		3,000

☞ PRICES TO SUIT THE EXIGENCIES OF THE TIMES

Orchestra Seats and Dress Circle	30 cts.
Family Circle	25 cts.
Parquet	20 cts.
Gallery	10 cts.

☞ Stars treated with on liberal terms.
Connected with the Theatre is
JOHN BATES'
MAGNIFICENT FANCY GROCERY, WINE, AND LIQUOR STORE,
With the best stock in the country. 46-2t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents | Gallery.....25 Cents.
The following is a list of the Company now engaged at this House:

MISS VIRGINIA HOWARD,	MR. CHARLES POPE,
MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON,	MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
MISS SOPHIA EDWIN,	MR. H. A. PERRY,
Mr. J. B. Booth,	Mr. M. C. Hines,
Mr. Walter M. Leman,	Mr S. P. Macklin,
Mr. George B. Waldron,	Mrs. H. A. Perry,
Mr. Fred Franks,	Mrs. M. C. Hines,
Mr. William Barry,	Mrs. C. R. Saunders,
Mr. F. B. White,	Miss Jennie Manderville,
Mr. Grosvener,	Miss Alicia Manderville,
Mr. Chas. R. Thorne, jr,	Miss E. Fredericks,
Mr. W. O'Neil, (Irish comedian,)	Mrs. Geo. B Waldron,
Mr. Harry Clifton,	Miss Fanny Howard,
Mr. G. H. Chase,	Miss Mary Johnson,
	Mrs. Mary C. Woodward.

Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence of these establishments inure to the benefit of all those who engage with Mr. Maguire. 43tf

VARIETIES MUSIC HALL,
Late St. Louis Opera House,
Now in full tide of successful business
THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, AND MOST COMPLETE
MUSIC HALL IN THE WORLD.
The Company at present consists of

TOM CONY,	W. M. REEVES,	CLARA BUTLER,
ED BERRY,	J. W. CORCORAN,	JULIA HAMILTON,
E. N. SLOCUM,	SAM WELZER,	MLLE JULIETTE,
J. B. MURPHY,	G. PETERS,	MLLE VELARDE,
S. S. PURDEY,	MISS CELIA MORLEY,	LIZZY WALBY,

And many minor members,
TOGETHER WITH A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
SIGNOR CONSTANTINE, Ballet Master.
Orchestra—Freberthyser's Cornet and String Band.
Parties of known excellence desiring engagements,
Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Music Hall,
44 tf St. Louis, Missouri.

BOWERY THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
ST. LOUIS, MO
J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. JAMES RILEY, Stage Manager.
JOHN BENARD, Musical Director.
Admission, 10 and 25 cents.
The following Artists are now performing at this establishment:
WALTER WENTWORTH,
JOHNNY BOYCE, ANDY ROOME,
ALEX. ROSS, MISS LIZZY DAVIS,
JIM RILEY, MISS FANNIE GILMORE,
JOHN BENARD, MLLE LIZETTER,
JOHNNY CAMPBELL, ED. PERRINE, Gymnast,
L. DE. BURGER, JOHN DOUGHERTY,
WILLIAM OPBMER, JOHN SCHILLINGER.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability can always secure an engagement, by addressing, J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. 41 6t*

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
WANTED,
A First Class Stock Low Comedian
ALSO,
A Good Singing Chambermaid.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS,
NOW IN EUROPE,
Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
ANNALS OF MINSTRELSY.
THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:

H. S. RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
J. H. DULEY,	LITTLE BOBBY,
W. T. EMERSON,	M. LEWIS.
J. BURNGESS,	W. BLAKENEY,
RUDOLPH HALL,	D. W. REEVES,
J. H. KELLOGG,	J. A. BASQUIN,
B. MALLARD,	J. W. ADAMS,
JAMES UNSWORTH,	MASTER EUGENE,

Each member being selected for his superior excellence and individual talent. RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, Proprietors. 24-3m

WYMAN'S HALL AND MUSEUM,
ST. LOUIS, MO,
Is now under the Sole Management of
ALF. BURNETT, ESQ.,
So well known as a HUMORIST and ELOCUTIONIST.
The Hall will seat 1200, and has a fine stage. Jenny Lind pronounced it the best hall in the West, for the voice. It will be rented on reasonable terms—or parties using it, if at all attractive, can have it on shares. The Museum contains the finest collection of Birds in the World. For terms apply to ALF. BURNETT,
46 2t* Museum Building, St. Louis.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
San Francisco, California.
Messrs. W. H. LEIGHTON & CO.....Lessees and Managers.
THIS SUPERB DRAMATIC TEMPLE having been leased for a term of years, the managers are prepared to make engagements with any or all FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS, either STAR or STOCK, in the several walks of
TRAGEDY, COMEDY, OPERA and BALLET,
who may desire to visit California. 46 6m.

OBERIST'S VARIETIES!
OLD CENTRE STREET THEATRE.
J. F. OBERIST.....Proprietor.
J. A. HAYES.....Stage Manager.
PROF. JUCH.....Musical Director.
THOS. J. QUINLAN.....Treasurer and Business Manager.
Members of the profession wishing engagements will please address, THOS. J. QUINLAN, Business Manager.
P. O Drawer, 366. 39-tf Cleveland, Ohio

WM. A. WRAY,
THE GREAT PRESTIDIGITATUER.
AND MOST VERSATILE PERFORMER IN THE WORLD.
Engagements will be made for himself,
MISS LOUISA PAYNE, Vocalist,
and LITTLE ADA PETTIT, Vocalist.
The above Artists can give an entire Exhibition without any assistance whatever. Address WM. A. WRAY,
44-4t* 330 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—Sheridan Corbyn would respectfully inform members of the Dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address
SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to prepay the same. 46 6m

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT, BY J. BOGAN, No. 118 EAST HOUSTON STREET. BOGAN'S CELEBRATED BANJOS for sale or made to order and sent to any part of the U. S., from $5 upwards. Try one. Call at the little music store. N. B—On receipt of $1 I will send three written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Address as above. No humbug. 47 1t*

FOR RENT, NOT FOR SALE.
BULLARD'S CELEBRATED PANORAMA OF NEW YORK CITY, Representing 41 miles of the streets and buildings of the city life size, 5000 signs, and every building on the west side of Broadway, from the Battery to Union Park; 1½ miles of Shipping and Steamers; 10,000 persons, life size; and 900 vehicles in Broadway. The work was painted by the distinguished artist O A Bullard, and is in perfect shape For particulars apply by letter to
ALBERT NORTON, Manager of Dollie Dutton's Levees,
46 2t* Worcester, Mass.

THEATRICAL CONCERT ROOM AND LITERARY AGENCY, 482 Broadway, Room 7. N B Managers and Performers are respectfully requested to enclose a red stamp, or no notice will be taken of their letters. JAS. CONNER & CO, Agents. 44-tf

NIBLO'S GARDEN,
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....HENRY C. JARRETT.
Third week of the successful drama of
THE COLLEEN BAWN,
with MRS. JOHN WOOD,
MR. J COLLINS,
THE NEW COMPANY,
SPLENDID SCENERY, SUPERB TABLEAUX,
ELEGANT COSTUMES, STARTLING EFFECTS,
Presented to the public.
A MISE EN SCENE,
Never heretofore equalled.
The Original Music of the Piece by
THOMAS BAKER, ESQ.
ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1862,
Will be presented the Great Irish Drama, entitled
THE COLLEEN BAWN;
OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN.
MYLES NA COPPALEEN.....MR J COLLINS.
Danny Mann.....Mr. W. Scallan.
Hardress Cregan.....Mr L. R. Shewell.
Father Tom.....Mr. Harry Pearson.
EILY O'CONNOR, the Colleen Bawn.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Annie Chute, the Colleen Rhuad....Miss Emma Taylor.
Mrs. Cregan.....Mrs. Vining.
Sheiah.....Miss Mary Wells.
In the course of the Drama, MR. COLLINS will sing "I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME," "CRUISKEEN LAWN," and "THE BOYS OF KILKENNY."
MRS. JOHN WOOD will sing the "CRUISKEEN LAWN," "THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW," and a duett with Mr. Collins, entitled "MYLES' FAREWELL TO EILY."
ADMISSION TO PARQUET, DRESS CIRCLE, ETC.....50 CENTS
Family Circle.....25 cents.
47-tf Secured Parquet Stalls.....75 cents.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
RACE STREET, below 3d street, PHILADELPHIA.
INTENSE EXCITEMENT. INTENSE EXCITEMENT.
POWERFUL CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.
Engagement of the great
HERNANDEZ, HERNANDEZ,
HERNANDEZ, HERNANDEZ,
the celebrated Pantomimist and most versatile performer of the day.
MLLE MARRIETTA RAVEL,
The beautiful and accomplished danseuse
MISS MILLIE FOWLER,
In her dashing flights of Terpsichorean grace.
PAUL BERGER, PROF. G. W. SMITH,
MISS NELLIE TAYLOR,
The pleasing vocalist.
DENNY GALLAGHER. ANDREW J. LEAVITT,
JOHN MULLIGAN,
MIKE McKENNA. W. WHELPLEY,
MISS KATE FRANCIS,
ELLEN COLENE, MARY WESNER,
LIZZIE LA GRANGE,
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
Composed of sixteen young ladies of artistic grace and great natural abilities, who will appear in a great variety of Ballets, Marches, Tableaux, Groupings, &c., under the immediate supervision of PROF. GEO. W. SMITH, Maitre de Ballet.
The performance will conclude, every evening this week, with the Comic Pantomime of
MONS. DECHALAMEAU.
Requinet.....Mr. A. M HERNANDEZ.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2½ o'clock.
ROBERT W. BUTLER.....Sole Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.
THOS. SIMPSON.....Musical Director.
Admission—Parquet, 20 cents; Gallery, 10 cents. 47

VASTLY IMPORTANT TO MANAGERS!—
The undersigned is prepared to negotiate with Managers of first-class Theatres throughout the United States, a portion of New Jersey and the Sandwich Islands, for a period of one to eleven weeks. Having played two successful and highly remunerative engagements at the Pifferenia New Opera House, Illinois, and on the occasion of my last benefit having been presented with a large sized Silver Watch as a token of esteem and regard from the citizens of the above place, (as well as a free pass from the aforesaid to leave the town,) I think I am justified in presenting to public approval my merits as an artiste, and respectfully submit to the notice of managers the following lengthy
TRAGIC SPECTACLES

The Blood Red Friend, (8 acts)	The Bleeding Pilgrim,
John Brown, (not Jessie,)	The Soup House Martyr.

Hicth Hash Oolong, (Chinese, the only copy in the country).
Any one of the above pieces will run a week—SURE.
DRAMAS

Rudolpho,	Twin Sisters of Destiny,	Rendezvous,
Agnes the Lost,	King of the Uncommons,	'Twas Me,
Seth Jones,	Game of Poker,	Red William,
	Robbers of Calabria,	

FARCES,
With Characters I assume:

Box and Cox.....Mrs Bouncer	Spectre Bridegroom .....John
Secret..... .....Velaire	Swiss Swains.....Burgomaster
Robert Macaire (1 act)....Soupy	Toodles.....Landlord

And am willing to go on in any piece to fill up. No Dominoes in my wardrobe.
P. S—I have photographs and wood cuts of the Silver Watch which will be forwarded to any manager with whom I may engage.
I am yours, &c., L. MORTIMER ALDRIDGE,
47-1t Louisville, Ky.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD—Having been informed that several parties claim superiority in CLOG DANCING, and also having read in the CLIPPER a few weeks since that a certain gentleman claimed the championship, I hereby challenge any man in the United States to a friendly contest to dance one hundred different steps in ten popular airs, viz.—

1	Lancashire Break Down, in ten different steps.		
2	Duke of York's March,	do	do do
3	The Star Spangled Banner,	do	do do
4	Princess Royal,	do	do do
5	An Irish Jig,	do	do do
6	My Mary Ann,	do	do do
7	Vilikins and his Dinah.	do	do do
8	Patrick's Day in the Morning,	do	do do
9	Leeds' Hornpipe,	do	do do
	To conclude with		
10	Yankee Doodle,	do	do do

Making in all one hundred different steps, time and carriage, for a sum of five hundred or one thousand dollars. Man and spondulicks ready at any moment.
Parties wishing to accept this will address the CLIPPER
47-1t* T. HAYES.

THE ADRIAN "FIASCO" AT THE ACADEMY.
A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
Some half a dozen years ago, a fourth-rate professor of the Magic Art, under the name of Cordova, made his appearance at an up-stairs establishment in Chatham Square, in an entertainment in imitation of Prof. Anderson, Macallister, the Lubin Brothers, and other great lights of the prestidigitorial science. He had for doorkeeper a mild-looking, middle-aged person named Thorp. In the intervals between the taking of tickets this individual employed himself in watching the entrteinment, thus taking his first lesson in the black art. The stubbornness of the public in viewing the affair as a failure, caused the professor to retire to obscurity; but not so the magic struck doorkeeper. He resolved to supply the place made vacant by the exit of "the victim of public stupidity." For weary years he travelled the highways and byeways of our beautiful country, engaged in the philanthropic business of vending patent cure-alls and other innocent medicines. But this life was irksome to the aspiring blood of a man of genius. Fate whispered in his ear—the hour has come. The Empire City was the place chosen in which to open the coffers of Crœsus. It was soon announced that "The Prince of Magicians" was to give a few of his wonderful entertainments (?) at the Stuyvesant Institute. The night came. A score of people—the writer among the number—appeared at the hall. But all was darkness. The "Prince" was *non est inventus*; the only notice of the affair in the papers was an advertisement for a partner with unlimited means to back the "Prince." The golden fish was caught. Wealth a power, and the title "King of Wizards" was added to "Prince of Magicians." Professor Adrian, "The Greatest Magician in the World" (!!!) was announced to appear at the Academy of Music, upon Monday evening, 24th. The writer invested half a dollar, lured by innumerable highly promising bills and advertisements, and witnessed the greatest burlesque of the 19th century. Instead of the almost bare stage of Herrmann, the splendid silver mechanical apparatus of the Lubins, the gorgeous trappings of Anderson, there were only a couple of double-bottomed, shabby tables, in one of which the confederate of the "King of Wizards" was stored. Were it not that the public of New York have too nice a sense of discrimination between the high toned magic of a master mind and the wretched imitations of an amateur, the bungling attempts at magic of this mountebank would inevitably damn all prestidigitation in future. The man who advertises the production from seeming nothingness of enough water to extinguish a conflagration, and then depends upon a boy hid in a table to hand him, in sight of the audience, a glass of water in a baby's play-toy pail, has certainly reached the sublime or the ridiculously bare-faced. In looking over my latest Paris *Siecle*, I find there is manufacturing in that city, for the Lubin Brothers, now in this country, a newly designed, ingenious mechanical apparatus, the material of Solingen steel and silver. So that we may have, ere long, such a prestidigitorial entertainment offered us as will repay all disappointments, even the great Adrian *fiasco* at the Academy of Music. JOHN F. POOLE.

OSSIAN E. DODGE,
ASSISTED BY THE EMINENT BALLADIST,
WILLIAM HAYWARD,
Is now entertaining his old New England friends with his
SOCIAL CONCERTS.
Down Easters, look out for
OSSIAN E. DODGE and WILLIAM HAYWARD. 47 1t*

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [30 3m*]. H. ROBBS, President.

OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
S. P. STICKNEY.....Lessee and Manager.
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK,
and on
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS AT 2½ O'CLOCK,
Will be presented the
MORAL EQUESTRIAN DRAMA
OF
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
A full Equestrian Performance will precede the Drama.
ON SATURDAY, MARCH 8th, 1862,
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
To the
VETERAN EQUESTRIAN AND MANAGER,
SAMUEL P. STICKNEY, ESQ.
75 Volunteers will appear. Among whom is
DAN RICE,
Who has promised to appear, if at all possible to effect one night's absence from Philadelphia. 47 1t

PHOTOGRAPHS of Lucille Western, Fanny Davenport, J. H. Hackett, G. H. Andrews, Lewis Baker, J. S. Clarke as Toodles and Tilly Slowboy, Neil Bryant, Dan Bryant, C. Walcot, Jr., Mrs. Walcot, Rachel, Rosa Wood, Anne Wilkes, Chas Mathews, T. D. Rice (Jim Crow), Dan Rice, Fanny Morant, Mrs G. H. Barrett, Mrs W. H. Smith, Barton Hill, Miss Gladstane, Mad. Bosio, Anna Bishop, J. W. Booth, J. B. Booth, Jane Daly, Lennox, Mark Smith, Ristori, Mary Miller, Galetti, Marietta, Adah Isaacs Menken, Don Ximines, Jenny Lind, D. Setchel, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. Wheatley, Stigelli, Harry Pearson, D. Lave and Wife, L. R. Shewell, Mary Wells, Emma Taylor, L. J. Vincent, Matilda Heron as Camille, John Collins, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Vining, Caroline Richings, Peter Richings, Laura Keene, J. T. Raymond, Mrs. Chanfrau, Lotty Hough, Susini, Hinckley, J. W. Wallack, jr., George Vandenhoff, Mrs. Vernon, Mary Shaw, Sara Stevens, Julia B. Barrow, Fanny Brown, A. H. Davenport, F. S. Chanfrau, Gougenheim Sisters, J. S. Clarke, Miss Henriques, Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Geo. Skerrett, Lester Wallack, Miss Kellogg, Kate Hayes, E. A. Sothern, John Brougham, Viola Crocker, Eph Horn, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. J. R. Scott, P. T. Barnum, Commodore Nutt, Joe Jefferson, Piccolomini, S. C. Campbell, George Holland, Mary Gannon, Charlotte Cushman, and hundreds of others. Price 25 cents each, or beautifully Colored, 50 cents each, and sent post paid. Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of a stamp, by
47 1t* O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

TO MANAGERS OF THEATRES AND LEADERS OF ORCHESTRAS.—BAND PARTS of all THOMAS BAKER'S popular Music, as performed at LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE with great success, may be had for large or small bands. The only charge being for the copying. The following are his latest compositions: "COMMODORE NUTT" polka; "THE LAURA KEENE WALTZ;" "CHRISTMAS CAROL SCHOTTISCH;" "COMET SCHOTTISCH;" "SEVEN SONS GALOP." Quadrilles—TROVATORE, TRAVIATA, LUCREZIA BORGIA, ETOILE DU NORD, LURLINE, HIBERNIAN, (Irish,) JEANNIE DEANS, (Scotch,) AMERICAN BALLAD, MASSANIELLO, MEDLEY, &c. These are published for piano, and may be had at all Music Stores. Apply, stating number of instruments, to THOMAS BAKER,
47-1t* Laura Keene's Theatre, N. Y., or 52 St. Mark's Place.

CARD.— WASHINGTON, Feb. 24th, 1862.
I take this method to say to the Ladies and Gentlemen who have applied to me for positions in the New Theatre in this city, that I will reply by mail to those whose services I can make available, during the present week. Those who do not hear from me will kindly accept this intimation that the company has been determined upon.
The season will begin with MR. FORREST, about the middle of March.
Respectfully, JNO T. FORD,
Manager and proprietor of the Athenæum, Washington,
47-1t* and the Holliday St. Theatre, Baltimore.

THE ONLY BILL POSTING ESTABLISHMENT IN BALTIMORE CITY. J. W. HARPER & CO. BILL POSTERS,
No. 12 North street, near Fayette, (Basement,)
47-1t* Baltimore, Md.

PORTLAND AND BANGOR THEATRES
Stars desirous of making engagements for the above named theatres, can apply to F. L KENT,
47 5t* Box 684 Post office, Portland.

PLAY BOOKS!!!—A list of all the Plays published, English and American, sent to any address on receipt of stamp.
47-tf EDGAR, MORPHY & CO., 81 Nassau st. N. Y.

SEND FOR "KATE VAUGH," by Chas Henry Day. Price 10 cts. to CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn. 47-1t*

ADDRESS—J. W. JENNINGS—(Heavy) Pittsburgh, Pa. 43-3t*

☞ We have letters for Ossian Dodge, Frank Browers, Harry Gosson, Francis Dobson, Jake Budd, Loraine Rogers, Miss Marie Boniface, Sam Price, Dan Ryan, Edward Roach, Gus Shaw, Wm. Drew, Harry Langdon, Elam Quick, Miss Susan Denin.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 3, 1862.

"Earthquakes—as usual." This often-repeated entry in the Indian journal kept by Lady Sale, while residing in that region, would be very appropriate for describing the spasmodic changes among our city theatres. A few mudquakes would certainly do New York no harm, but, the upheavals now going on, in the dramatic line, are "most tolerable, and not to be endured;" at least not without some degree of newspaper remark. For our part, we feel very much like Paul Pry when he deprecates any intention of ever being "guilty of doing a good action again," and especially when we consider what "a rumpus and a rioting" have grown from a suggestion we recently made about some theatre reviving "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in this city. Little did we think that our suggestion would be so generally acted upon. As the facts stand, our managers out Figaro Figaro, for "it is Uncle Tom here, Uncle Tom there, and Uncle Tom everywhere," almost. This is a matter of interest, of course; whether our signals on matters of taste would be so readily followed is another affair. However, we must say that, in the main, our managers have tried to present the subject—or object—i. e. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in middling good style. To use another metaphor, we may say that our bear—the bear we have thus helped to lead in—is a tolerably well behaved bear, and we must try to bear and forbear with it. We might even use the sentiment of Goldsmith's bear-leader, and say that our colored friend only dances to "the genteelest of tunes." With four representations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," surely the rage for this kind of exhibition ought to be satiated. After all that may be said, we look upon these examples as only so many proofs of the general competition which has lately influenced nearly all our managers. A review of the season of 1861-62 would show that this competition has been kept at high-pressure point ever since last September. Notwithstanding the "dull times," and all the derangements among the usual channels of business, attendant upon a civil war, our audiences have been large, liberal, and good-humored. The only difficulty among managers was to find out what influences were most available for profit in their respective localities. Of the dramatic tendencies and lavish expenditures of our community, generally speaking, there need be no doubt whatever. Such are the facts. Neither metaphor nor simile are required in explaining them. New York may be bombarded to-morrow, but the spirit of our people would arise from its ashes, and the very first log cabin in Broadway would probably be a theatre, and the very first performance (if the people chose) might be "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Uncle Tom's Cabin has to be "worked up," like anything else, and it won't do to rush it through without *some* sort of preparation. It was sprung upon us at the Winter Garden on the 25th Feb., but the "blarsted thing" has not proved at all successful, the houses being very bad, notwithstanding the additional attraction of the "beautiful" Cubas. We dropped in at the Garden on Friday evening, Feb. 28, to see how C. Walcot did Uncle Tom, for we expected to see a natural and effective personation of the character from him after his sojourn in Richmond, Va., last winter, where Uncle Toms are abundant; but the performance hardly came up to our expectations, although it was, as a whole, a fair rendering of the character, barring a little too much monotony in the tone of voice. We were, however, especially struck with the truly excellent performance of the part of Eva, by Miss Josephine Myers. It was not only read in a masterly (or Miss-terly, which?) style, but was acted so naturally as to bring tears to the eyes of many present. It was a combination of the childlike actions and appearance appertaining to the character, with all the talent of the actress of experience. Topsey, too, except in make-up, was another admirable impersonation of the character written by Mrs. Stowe. She was the wild, rollicking, untamable Topsey to the life, and the applause that Miss Fanny Brown met with was well deserved. We have seldom seen a character so faithfully portrayed as Topsy was by this talented young lady. Another good piece of acting was the Lawyer Marks, by Mr. Jeffries. There was the true spirit of humor in it; the elder Walcot himself could not have done it better, and that is saying much. The play seemed to have been placed upon the stage rather hurriedly, and evidently but for a short period, or otherwise more attention would have been paid to its minor details. But for the excellent acting of the above named individuals, it must have been a failure in every sense. We never saw Davenport or Davidge to less advantage. Davidge, however, in the character of Deacon Terry, was more at home, and of course was effective. The house was not two-thirds filled, and was literally a Winter Garden, where one could enjoy cold feet and a chilly atmosphere to his heart's content. Mr. J. S. Clarke has "come agin," opening this, Monday, evening. How *are* you, Uncle Thomas?

Minstrelsy prospers. Bryants' hall knows no let-down in the attendance of the lovers of fun and minstrelsy, for be it fair or be it stormy, the *habitues* are stowed away there like sardines in a box. The Bryants display considerable policy in their hits, and hit well with their

reaching her, the Babby cuts away the bridge over the chasm, across which are rude steps in the rock leading down into the dark valley. Just as Mary Kelly kneels to say a prayer, the Babby approaches from behind, gives her a clip over the head with a spade, and is about repeating the dose, when Nelly Brady suddenly appears way up on top of the rocks; up among the "flies." She sees the Babby murdering her child, and the bridge being gone, there is no path by which to reach her. With desperation she clutches a branch of a tree, leaps out, and the bough bending beneath her weight, she swings herself into the valley in time to save poor Mary Kelly. It is a fearful piece of stage effect, and requires a person of more than ordinary courage to attempt it. Mrs. Waller does it very effectively, and causes a thrill to run through the audience, which is only dispelled by the falling of the curtain. We were present on Saturday evening, again, to see if any modification had been made in the language put into the mouth of Mr. Waller in the last act. The hits at England were as bitter as ever, and came very nigh bringing about a free fight among the audience. Some parties hissed the sentiments uttered against England, and the other portion of the audience, not relishing the idea of such sentiments being tabooed by the Britishers, took sides with the actor, and yelled, and applauded most vociferously, completely drowning the hisses. Quiet being resumed, the Britishers hissed again, then the other fellers stamped and clapped, and cried "put 'em out, put 'em out," but there were still some bold "hissers" in front, and then some one cried, "put the d—d English thieves out" Then there *was* trouble —people rose up to see them put out, but wiser counsels prevailed, the Britishers held their hush, and the play went on. We should prefer to hear the "text" toned down a little, for no good can come of these flings and slurs. If the London *Times* and its lying correspondent, Russell, choose to act the part of a blackguard, and wilfully misrepresent and villify the United States, let us not follow their example, but, on the contrary, try to avoid anything that may lead to further trouble between the two countries. We are surprised that English people should so pointedly show their mark's of disapprobation in a place where they would have but little chance to escape should an open rupture break out in the theatre. It were better to quietly leave the house, or abstain from visiting it altogether. We know it is hard to sit at ease, and listen to remarks touching the honor of one's "own native land," but circumstances oftentimes compel us to submit to certain things which our very nature revolts at. We do not blame the Britishers for standing up for their flag, right or wrong. We honor them for it. We honor any man that honors his country Let Mr. Waller soften the text, or let the Britishers stay away from a theatre where sentiments displeasing to them are uttered

Only to think of Mr. Forrest playing for another person's benefit. He actually did it on the 1st, for Mrs Garrettson, of the Walnut, Philadelphia. Our Philadelphia correspondent gives the "reason why," for which see our Philadelphia letter.

The New Bowery brought out Uncle Tom, last week, with little Fanny Beane as Eva, and Fanny Herring as Topsey. The play did not draw very largely. On Friday evening last, Mrs. W. G. Jones had a benefit, which was attended by a seemingly better class of people than are usually to be seen in that house. During the evening a beautiful flower-basket, filled with wax flowers, the whole under a glass cover, was presented to the *beneficiare* by some of her admirers. Other floral tributes were presented to the lady, for all of which she made a few remarks in acknowledgement, thanking the donors for their gifts, and the audience for their kind patronage. Uncle Tom is on again this week.

The Hanlon Brothers will probably arrive here this week from Havana. They are to appear next week at the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

Stephen H. Branch made his first appearance at the Melodeon, Broadway, on Monday evening, Feb. 24, in the rather novel character of an "Incarcerated Convict," derived from actual experience on Blackwell's Island. We learn that there was a large audience present, who seemed to relish the show, although much more could have been made of it had Stephen listened to the advice of those better acquainted with stage business. He has appeared in the same performance throughout the week, and is announced again for the present. The company now engaged at the Melodeon comprises Misses Eva Brent, Nelly Howard, Adele Calla, Rosa Seigrist, Miss Marsh, Sam Sharpley, Jas. La Mont, Denzer Brothers, Nichols and son, Joe English, and others whose names we have not learned.

Mons. La Thorne, late stage manager at "Broadway Music Hall" and the "American," has been transferred to the Olympic, Philadelphia, where he has already made many improvements. Mons. La Thorne is a man attentive to the interests of his employer, and is an efficient stage manager.

The Sherwood family have been playing an engagement at the Circus de Chiarini, Havana, Cuba, and they seem to have been well received. The drunken act of "Pete Jenkins" took the Habaneros by surprise, and for a while they were under the impression that a drunken loafer had made his way into the place to create a disturbance. A complimentary benefit was given to Charley Sherwood on the 31st January, when the place was well filled; and after La Petite Iola's riding act, she was presented with two beautiful crowns by the editors of two of the principal papers in Havana. The Sherwoods will arrive here some time this week, on their return from Havana.

A version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on the equestrian plan, has been played at the old Bowery during the past week. This week is to be devoted, principally, to benefits. On the 4th of March, John Foster, clown, has his night; on the 5th, Joseph C. Foster has a benefit, when he will produce the spectacle of "Ivanhoe;" and on Saturday, March 8th, a complimentary benefit is to be given to Manager S. P. Stickney, on which occasion he announces his intention to ride, being the first time in this city for thirty-two years. We hope a fair share of patronage may be given to each beneficiare.

The "Colleen Bawn" enters upon its third week at Niblo's Garden, this evening. Mrs. Wood, contrary to "critical expectation," improves in her impersonation of the confiding Ely O Connor with each representation. Who would have believed that the rollicking and dashing Queen of Burlesque could successfully portray a character requiring so much tenderness, so much feeling, so much sentiment! Yet she does it, and does it remarkably well, too. She is well sustained, however, by Mr. Collins, as Myles, who contributes greatly to the success of the piece. Mr. Ryer has left Niblo's, and Father Tom is now performed by Harry Pearson. Hereafter, the amphitheatre, or upper circle, is to be thrown open to the public at 25 cents admission, and this we consider a very judicious movement, for there are many persons who would gladly give 25 cents to see the play, who cannot afford to pay 50 cents. Heretofore one price has been charged all over the house. The present scale, 25 and 50 cents, is more liberal, and we have no doubt the public will appreciate it.

There is nothing new to report concerning Wallack's. O'd comedies continue to attract very good houses and as long as they can be made to do this, nothing else will be offered.

One of the most lamentable failures ever made upon the public stage was achieved by a person styling himself Professor Adrian, at the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, Feb. 24th. The Professor had some foolish person to "work up" this first appearance, and he did it in the most nonsensical manner. First, Adrian was advertised for in the *Herald*; then, the Professor answered; then he was requested to appear at the Academy; then he consented to give New York an idea of his immense abilities as a magician; then a Mr. Porter, of Broadway, was made to convey the idea that Adrian, being such a skilful performer, and doing so many startling feats, must be in league with the devil: this was supported by a Mr. Maitland, of Fourteenth street, who "advised" the directors not to permit this devilish magician to attempt his tricks in the Academy; then a Dr. Shaw, of Demarara, West Indies, suggested that Ae thought Adrian couldn't do such marvellous tricks without supernatural agency. All this sickening stuff was "worked up" in the *Herald*. And now, everything being prepared to startle New York from centre to circumference, the man of magic announced his *debut* for Feb. 24, at the Academy. The night arrived, and there was quite a good attendance. The Professor appeared, but with his first attempt at his "profession," the novice could be seen in every move, and as he attempted some difficult feats, he blundered, and was unable to go on; even with the aid of a confederate, concealed in a curtained table, the Professor was unable to do his feats, and by his clumsiness exposed his confederate to view. He was hissed, and guyed, and laughed at, and after several vain attempts to get along, he made some sort of excuse, the curtain dropped, and thus ended the first and last appearance of this magician of "supernatural associations." In a card, Adrian attributes his failure to a cold, etc. How a cold could hinder him from using his hands, we do not understand. A card in our advertising department refers to "the Professor," in contrast with Herrmann, the Lubin Brothers, and other magicians. Read it.

On Saturday, March 1st, Wallack's old theatre was opened to the public by Messrs. Lewis Baker and George Ryer, under the name of the "New York Atheræum," the opening play being a new adaptation of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin. There was a tolerably well filled house on the occasion, but not a crowded one; the audience, however, was composed of some of the most respectable of the theatrical *habitues* of the city, thereby showing that the Concert Hall reputation of the place had *not* blotted out the respectability attached to the locality when it was occupied by the Wallack company. Of the performances on Saturday night we have but little to say in special commendation of them as being superior to the presentation of the same piece at the Winter Garden. Indeed, we are inclined to give the preference to the latter. We decidedly prefer Fanny Brown's Topsey to that of Mrs. Howard; and Walcot's Uncle Tom is infinitely more life-like than that of Ryer's, who does not appear to have the first idea of a real Southern darkey. The Eva, too, of Miss Myers, at the Garden, is more in accordance with the written character than that of the Eva of "little Mary Bullock," whose acting, by the way, is extraordinary for a child of her years. Mrs. Walcot's Aunt Ophelia, at the Winter Garden, is a more consistent rendition of the character than that of the pretty Mrs. Hough, who burlesques the part too much to make it a meritorious performance. Jeffries' "Marks the Lawyer" is decidedly superior to that of Donnelly. Geo. Harris is about equally well done at both places; neither personations, either in make up or acting, being very praiseworthy. The same may be said as regards the rendition of the characters of Phineas Fletcher, Marie St. Clair, St. Clair, Eliza, Haley, and indeed all but Legree; the acting of Barton Hill in that character being superior to that of Ward. As regards the scenery and stage effects of the piece, in many respects the Atheneæum has the advantage. The river scene was especially good. The play is much cut down at the Winter Garden; had it been as elaborately represented as at the Atheræum, its superiority would have been still more manifest. As a representation of Southern plantation life, every piece we have seen placed upon the Metropolitan stage, fails to give any faithful portrayal of its peculiar characteristics in a life-like manner. The orchestral accompaniments at the Atheneæum are very good, but the incidental music, especially the choruses sung on the steamer, are very inappropriate, being altogether too scientific. The overtures were excellent. The play was exceedingly well received throughout. We noticed, however, that the language of the play that tells *against* the abolitionists was loudly applauded. Uncle Tom will be repeated during the week.

That there is some "policy" in lucky numbers may be seen at 444 Broadway, every evening (except Sunday), and every Saturday afternoon. 444 is a high old place for fun, and there is nothing low about the concern except the abuse and hard names which fall harmless around it. One visit is quite enough to show sensible people what 444 Broadway really is. Among such, the only difficulty is to find suitable names. Some call it "The Music Hall of the Masses." Pretty good. But we think "The Great American Music Hall" will do, and we believe that is the name its proprietors have given it. Charley White is among the additional novelties this week; also Mr. C. Dumaille, balladist, from California. As for the lady performers, well—

> At four-four four, novelties more,
> Bring crowds of people to its door;
> But, saints who will keep their beads sore,
> Should keep away from four four four.

The Archbishop of Canterbury himself might visit our Great Canterbury Music Hall, 585 Broadway, and come out, as all sensible and well-behaved people do, amused and instructed. Of course we should not advise His Grace to make such a "first appearance in this city" with full canonicals, because his lawn sleeves might not be able to "stand the press." But, as a gentleman and a scholar, he could not fail to come away refreshed and delighted. The "moral war" on the concert saloons has much helped those music halls which are truly respectable. Thousands of people go to the Canterbury, and examine for themselves. The consequence is, they come away not only zealous converts but regular communicants. We have not room to enumerate the additional novelties for this week, but little Mdlle. Louise, the new drummer and vocalist, can drum up the recruits—she can.

A comical circumstance is said to have occurred during Mr. Gottschalk's recent performances in Brooklyn. A resident of that pious suburb, who did not usually visit any place of amusement, but had "looked in" a few times (on the sly) among our minstrel troupes in New York, invited some friends, and took them to hear Mr. Gottschalk, because he understood that such was the fashion. Our Brooklyn friend bore himself that evening with becoming fortitude and resignation until the great pianist gave some of his magnificent imitations of the banjo, when he commenced applauding heartily, saying, "Well, that is music! But I don't see where the cuss keeps his banjo!"

Miss Ellen Reid, vocalist, better known to the concert profession as Miss Ella Wood, died in this city, on the 26th of February, after a painful illness, of tumor on the brain. Miss Reid was a native of England, but will be remembered in St. Louis, Philadelphia, and New York, in which cities she has from time to time appeared. We understand that she had been sick for a long time; and that her wants were attended to by Mr. J. L O Connor, 563 Broadway, who also bore the expenses attendant on her burial. Should this meet the eyes of any of her former friends who can give any information concerning her early history, parentage, etc., they will confer a favor by dropping a line to the CLIPPER office.

Here is another sad case, which escaped our attention until the death of Miss Reid recalled it to our mind. We allude to the death of Mrs. J. B. Howe, wife of J. B. Howe, now in England, or on his way to this country. This sad event, we are informed, took place in this city some two or three months since, under the most distressing circumstances. Mrs Howe had been left very destitute, and in order to support herself and a child which she had with her, she accepted a position in a *ballet* at one of our concert saloons; but the outcry against the saloons commenced about that time, business fell off, and some of the *ballet* girls were discharged. Among the number was Mrs Howe. She seems to have isolated herself from those who might have assisted her, and was supposed to have died for the want of proper nourishment. She was found dead in her bed, having passed away in the lone watches of the night, with no friendly hand nigh to minister to her wants, or to comfort her in her last moments. An inquest was held, we believe, and a verdict in accordance with the facts rendered. We do not envy the feelings of those who have been directly or indirectly instrumental in the death of the "poor *ballet* girl."

Our young friend, George Gray, must have been highly gratified with the very large audience in attendance at his benefit at Hooley's Minstrels, on Thursday evening, Feb. 27th. The hall was filled in every part, and temporary benches were placed in the passage ways. Mr. Gray must be a favorite with the ladies, too, for they came out in strong force, and in brilliant plumage. The entertainment offered by the *beneficiare* for the amusement of his patrons, was one of the best of the kind we have ever witnessed, or listened to. It was rich in sentimental singing, comic singing, dancing, operatic gems, Ethiopian witticisms, and, in fact, in all that goes to make up a minstrel performance. That beautiful ballad, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," was given with much taste and feeling by Mr. Gray, and received the compliment of an encore. Charley Fox, too, seemed to be unusually merry, and, by his comicalities, drew forth peals of laughter. Charley is strongly impregnated with the spirit of fun, and will have no one but himself to blame if he does not become the leader in eccentric Ethiopian business. Dave Reed, 'tother end man, is getting along very cleverly. As bone player, he has few equals, and in time he may become a really good end man. In his special acts he is "all Nigger," and his peculiar "gait" never fails to elicit a laugh. Any one who has ever seen Miss Cushman as Meg Merriles, should not fail to witness Rollin Howard's capital imitation, which he gives in the afterpiece of "Fox in a Fix." It is immense; the make up is good, and the imitation of Miss Cushman's voice is remarkable. Altogether, Hooley's Minstrels are giving a very entertaining performance, and an evening can be passed there very pleasantly.

Joe Pentland, the well-known jester, sailed from this port on the 1st inst., for California and Australia. A pleasant voyage Joe.

The equestrian company who have been performing in Havana, under the management of Avery Smith and G. C. Quick, were to have sailed for New York on the 1st, and may be looked for here this week.

Among the artists engaged to accompany Messrs. Spaulding and Rogers to South America, are Wm. H. Ashton and Nathaniel Rogers, two live Yankee lads, who are clever in more senses than one. As performers, few who enter the arena as Los Dos Comicos, heroes of the perilous perche, La Trapeze, &c., can surpass them, whether in points of style, activity, grace, or neatness of costume. Socially, they are amiable, high toned gentlemen, and command respect and esteem, both in non and professional circles. Assiduous in their labors, unremitting in their practice, and proud of the position they have won for themselves, we anticipate for them and their *confreres* a pleasant journey abroad, a bountiful pecuniary harvest, and a joyous return to their homes and friends. Messrs. Spaulding and Rogers are busily engaged in making preparations for an early start. Their vessel is being put in complete order, with everything necessary for the comfort and convenience of those intending to embark with the expedition.

Harry Ball, ventriloquist, wizard, and general performer, is in the city at present. Miss Josey Dupree, danseuse, also arrived here last week.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Brooklyn is safe yet. "One event is worth years of diplomacy," as Talleyrand is said to have said. The well-known Varieties is open again, and Mr. Isaac Burtis, its spirited proprietor, is to have a benefit on the 5th of March, when a host of volunteers, throwing in a dozen or so of beautiful young ladies, who were formerly in the ballet troupe at Laura Keene's, will appear. Brother Burtis has already given assurance, in former years, that his house will be properly conducted. Brooklyn is sure to take care of her old favorite.

Mrs F B Conway has made quite a triumph as Romeo at Sadler's Wells, London. Mrs. Rodgers was the Juliet. Mrs. Conway's previous success as Ion seems to have already established her as a favorite in this department. She was called out at the end of each act, and a succession of cheers greeted her green curtain resurrection.

Mrs. Key Blunt gave one of her "Readings" at Paris, on the 5th Feb. Galignani praises.

Madame Cortesi threatens to retire from the stage very soon.

The Bishop of London has sent in a memorial opposing the Lord Chamberlain's intended permission for the London theatres remaining open during Passion Week.

Musio and his party are preparing, at Havana, for a return to New York. Verdi's "Aroldo" will then be produced.

Mrs. Augusta Page is said to be Manager Fleming's next star at the Howard, Boston.

Having had the pleasure of reporting the movements of Messrs. John and Henri Denier in Bermuda and the West Indies, we now have the additional satisfaction of announcing the whereabouts of Tony Denier, who is at present stage clown (perhaps the first American in that department of the business) at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng. Tony Denier makes us think of Tony Pastor, and reminds us of the similar way in which we have recently had occasion to dish up the three Pastors. Tony Denier has been in England about two years, and he has worked himself up to a very respectable position. Let Bridge street, Brooklyn, rejoice. Tony is engaged on the pantomime in Manchester until Easter week, and our correspondent will keep us informed of his movements.

Rumsey & Newcombe's Minstrels, when not performing at Astley's, London, in the manner described in another paragraph, are at the Crystal Palace.

Manager Jarrett was up for a benefit at the Boston Academy of Music on the 3d March. Mr. John E. Owens was on hand, "for one night only," giving Dr. Ollapod and Solon Shingle. The whole affair was an "extra night."

Talk about "railroad overtures!" They are trifles to the way in which Ossian E. Dodge and his party make the most tempting overtures of enjoyment for all people who are musically inclined, and residing near the lines of railroad around and about New England. Mr. Hayward, the renowned balladist, and the remainder of the company, were at Portland, Me., on the 28th Feb., expecting to leave for Saco, where they had been announced to sing that night, but snow kept making such overtures as made their further progress very improbable. One thing we do know, that Mr. Dodge would never voluntarily dodge his programme. Let the great Ossian once more resume his harp, and commence with the mighty Storm King of the North.

The professional assistance of Miss Susan Denin and Mr. Rogers has been called in, to aid the performances given by the members of Gen. Heintzelman's division in their new and beautiful theatre.

Alhambra Music Hall, Philadelphia, is in trouble again. On Saturday evening, March 1st, Mr. Carter's troupe of "Star Sisters" made their appearance there to a full house, and their success was complete. Their "drill" was much applauded, and in the "Irishman's Shanty" they had to appear three times. But, pleasing as their performances were, there was an act performed by the orchestra which was anything else but pleasing. It appears that the musicians, seeing what they had not seen for some time, a full house, went in for their salaries before the performance was over, but not getting their money, they seceded. The little girls sang their duets without the aid of music, and the Chinese dance was done with the assistance of Mr. Carter's boy on the fife. It is said that the proprietors have cleared out. Where's the Jersey Hotel man?

Business in Philadelphia has fallen off somewhat since our last. "Young Rapid," in his budget of Feb. 28, gives us the following particulars:—The attendance has not been so good at two of our places of amusement this week, as heretofore. At the Continental, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had a slight letting down, but this is the fifth week, and for any piece to enjoy that run is a great success in these times. The attendance, however, is good, and even at the present receipts would pay for a month longer. There has been no change in the cast with the exception of Mr. Ryner, who has returned to the bustle and excitement of war. His place has been filled by Mr. Charles M. Lewis, a rising young actor, and a native of this city. Mr. Lewis has been on the stage a very short time, but he has already made rapid progress. He is now playing the Kentuckian, and invests it with considerable spirit and originality. Mr. Sol. Davis, the assistant treasurer of this house, who received a severe injury a short time since by falling through a trap door, has resumed the duties connected with his position. .....At the Walnut, business has been very poor during the week, with the exception of two benefit nights, owing to there being no "star" engaged. At this house a "star" is looked for every week, and without one business is sure to be bad. On Monday was produced a drama in three acts by Robert Jones, entitled "The White Terror," dramatized from the story of that name. The piece is marked for its originality, and is highly interesting—being replete with interest. The piece was very well played, and deserved more encouragement than it received from the public. Mr. Edwin Adams had a very difficult part to enact—that of a person dying with hydrophobia—and he deserves the warmest praise for the careful attention he gave the part, and the truly horrible reality of its performance. Miss Alice Gray was also very fine as The White Terror. This lady is fast ingratiating herself into the good opinion of the Philadelphia public. On Thursday evening a benefit was given in aid of volunteers and seamen now in the South, by the workingmen of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The "Carpenter of Rouen" and "The White Terror" were performed to a very large and enthusiastic audience. On Saturday evening the enterprising lessee, Mrs. M. A. Garrettson, takes her annual benefit, for which occasion she has accomplished a wonder. Mr. Edwin Forrest has given his gratuitous services for the occasion, and will appear as Hamlet, with Mr. John McCullough as the Ghost. This is the first time to my recollection of Mr. Forrest having played for any one's benefit for thirty-seven years—the last time being at the Old Park Theatre, for the benefit of "Obe" Woodhull. Many will doubtless doubt his now offering his gratuitous services, but it is a fact; and I can give the reason of it. When Mr F. commenced his starring tour he was anxious to secure the services of Mr. John McCullough, (who was then engaged as a permanent member of Mrs Garrettson's company) to support him. Mrs. Garrettson has returned to the bustle and excitement of war. His place has finally agreed to let him go on condition that Mr. F. would play for her benefit—to which he acceded. Mr. McCullough is one of the most careful, studious, and promising young actors on the American stage, and bids fair to follow in the footsteps of the great living tragedian. It is but two or three years since he made his *debut*, and at that time I promised a brilliant future was in store for him. No actor in the profession has devoted more time to study, and he is now on the sure road to fame.....The Arch is doing the best business in town. No matter what the performance consists of, so long as that inimitable son of Momus, John Drew, appears, night after night the house is so crowded, that it is impossible to obtain standing room when the curtain rises. The great combination (that is the popular word now) bill of the comedy of "Errors," and the "Serious Family," which enjoyed a run of over three hundred nights at this house during two former seasons, was revived on Monday last, to an overflowing house, and has continued so through the week. The two Dromios, by John and Frank Drew, could not be equalled. Messrs. Ringold and Mortimer as the two Antipholes are very good—their make up being very clever and truthful..... The pieces are cast with the full strength of this excellent company, and the scenery—much of which is new—reflects great credit upon the skilful artist, Mr. Hayes. Mr. Drew's engagement will probably last about two weeks longer, at the expiration of which time he will sail for England. A new Irish drama, entitled "Crohoone nabillough," is in active preparation.....At Sanford's Opera House, business has been good. Frank Moran and Dixey are the chief attractions here, and they never fail to send the audience away with pleasant recollections. Cameross, one of the sweetest ballad singers in the business, is a great favorite with the lady *habitues* of this temple of amusement. On Thursday, the charming Julia Sanford was the recipient of a benefit. Manager Sanford is at his Opera House in Harrisburg; he intends shortly to take the cream of the two companies and start out on his annual tour. Mr. Samuel P. Cornwell and Lon Miller take a benefit at this house on Thursday, March 20th.....At the Olympic, business is first rate. The engagement of the inimitable Hernandez has proved a great card. He nightly appears in the pantomime of "Vol-au-vent," and plays on seventeen instruments. The latter feat, although remarkable, is nothing new here, for Wray, one of the best general performers in the business, has been doing it for some time. All the talent engaged at this place is first class. The stage management, by Mons. La Thorne, is a model for all other places of amusement. Everything is done like clock-work, and to this gentleman is due a fair share of credit for the success of the Olympic. Millie Fowler is a very graceful *danseuse*, and a great favorite with the public..... Carter's Zouave Star Sisters have been engaged at the Alhambra, and make their *debut* on Saturday.....The celebrated Hanlon Brothers sail from Havana this week, Saturday, and will arrive in New York during the following week. On the following Monday, after their arrival, they appear at the Academy of Music in this city, in their several performances. Their father and business agent have been in this city for some time, and have made all the necessary arrangements for their appearance. These gentlemen, all of them very young, constitute without doubt the most remarkable family of gymnasts ever brought before the public, either in the Old World or New. It is but seldom that six members of one family evince a decided genius, or even talent, for one pursuit. They are all endowed with strong gymnastic powers, a taste for elegance of motion, and an originality for giving living pictures in a style hitherto unequalled. Thomas is the original performer on the *L'Echelle Persleuse*; William and George achieve miracles on the trapeze; Alfred creates surprise by his ladder feats; whilst the two younger achieve wonders on the *La Perche Equipoise*. William's last great feat of Zampillaerostation, combined with the above-named performances, will attract the curious and lovers of the gymnase during their stay here.....George Christy's Minstrels open here this evening at Concert Hall, and remain all next week. Mr. John P. Smith, their business agent, has been engaged as business manager for Ford's new Washington Theatre.....Harry Davis' Panorama of the Rebellion is holding forth at the Assembly Buildings. It is a very interesting exhibition—the scenes being very truthful and life-like.....Dan Rice opens at the Walnut, on Monday next, with a small equestrian company, consisting of the following:—Dan Rice, jester; Frank Rosston, *Maitre du Cirque*; Ella Zoyara; James Melville; Charles Read; and Madame Tournaire. The horse Excelsior and *them* mules will put in an appearance. A fence ring will be erected upon the stage, and the "run" will be composed of several loads of dirt. The engagement is for two weeks, and as much longer as the performance will attract.

The indomitable Herr Driesbach keeps a dry back under good shelter at his cozy little farm in Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio. The show business this winter has not been very tempting, and the Herr thought that something ought to be kept going, so he gave five "dances" at his private residence, which have been well countenanced by the hospitality of good old Ohio, particularly that on the 22d Feb. As the robin readbreasts have been heard to sing around Wayne county lately, we think it quite probable that Herr Driesbach and some tiger or lion will be found exchanging compliments soon.

Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, seems to need no bellows puffing, for it is safely in progress. Among the company now are many recent additions, such as Fred Shaw, Ettie Fisher, Dave Williams, Kate Walters, A O. Miller, Kate Partington, Lew Benedict, Rosa Duval, Fred Spiegel, Clara Barton, Fred Spawn, La Petite Jenny, Francis Antonio, etc.

How far the regulations of "ye olden tyme" shall be made to govern the English theatres during Lent, is one of the questions now in the British parliament. Lord Dungannon leads the "unco guid" in the House of Lords. We shall see.

Miss Maggie Mitchell resumes her performances at the Holliday-street, Baltimore, on the 3d March. Having been engaged for Manager Kunkel to perform in Washington, but he not succeeding in obtaining a theatre there, Maggie has been idle during the engagement of the Williamses. Ah, Maggie!

John C. Kelley's Dramatic Company are now at Little Falls, N. Y. They next go to Mohawk. On the 17th, they open at Concert Hall, Utica. John C. seems to "see it" very well.

The communication from an "Old Showman," in our issue of the 15th Feb., relating to George Woodruff being left without proper attention from Messrs. Mabie & Nathans, after having been disabled by a bite from a lioness while in their employ, has made quite a stir among our show-going friends. The "Old Showman" is evidently one of those qualified to speak "right out in meetin'," and his "plain talk" has been duly honored. According to what we now learn, however, the friendly zeal of the "old Showman" in behalf of George Woodruff was greater than his knowledge of the entire facts, as they had occurred. It appears that Mr. J. J. Nathans left a man to attend to the wants of Mr. Woodruff—wrote to him—sent him some money, and that the company also subscribed $180 for him, on which occasion Mr. Nathans was also the first to set the example. In the case of George Sloman, the gymnast, who was accidentally injured while in their employ, Sands, Nathans & Co. followed the usual rule of the business, and paid Mr. Sloman his salary for three months while unable to perform From these and other items under our observation, we are inclined to think that the "Old Showman," supposing Mr. Woodruff to be not only "out of sight" but "out of recollection," away out at Brampton, Canada West, enduring an illness of seven months, sent us his communication without fully sifting out all the particulars. Probably the honest "Old Showman" thought that if the lioness did not leave George Woodruff without "a bite," his old comrades and employers would never leave him without a lift in the saddle. We are pleased to learn that, as soon as our publication of that "reminder" reached the parties concerned, old Jerry Mabie sent Mr. Woodruff $30, and an invitation to rejoin the company at Delavan, Wis. Thus we may see that sending us a communication does much more good than the famous putting of a letter into "the lion's mouth" during the olden times in Venice. But that is as may be.

Benefits are on at the Baltimore Museum, among George Kunkel's Opera Troupe. Harry Lehr, Brudder Bones, and G. W. Charles, have already tied off.

The Florences are now at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. Their previous engagement of twelve nights at the Princess', London, was very successful, and Mrs. Florence's singing of "Ridin' in a Railroad Keer" and "Way Deown in Maine," helped to increase her popularity, if possible. In the almost American social atmosphere of Liverpool, of course the Florences will be made welcome again. By the way, from certain signs and prognostications, we may certainly expect to see the Florences "hum agin," pretty soon.

Many are the evidences of the progress of the music halls in public favor, especially among our British and Irish cousins. The South of England Music Hall, Portsmouth, Eng., is one of the places we read of in our correspondence. Its bills are printed in royal blue, and we have no doubt produce wonderful effects upon the loyal "blue jackets" of that spirited community. Among the company are our old friends, Wash Norton and Frank Diamond, who are described as "the celebrated blacks." Good! Let Wash wash his face after that, and Frank polish his head-pin. Among the ladies are Madame Lossbini, Miss Constance, Mrs. H. Waite, Mrs. Pedley, etc.; Harry Waite, L. Ludlow, H. Austin, G. W. H. Dickinson, Cavanagh, Bolton, Pedley, Easton, etc. But the great gun of the craft, and "the wonder of the age" on the bills, is the gentleman who stands for the half of one hour upon his blessed head, and seems to enjoy himself very well in so doing, as we may infer from his singing five verses of the song of "The Cure," drinking a glass of brandy and water, smoking two cigars, playing the drum, ditto the castanets, dancing the Highland Fling, ditto the one-two hop of a polka, and all this "every evening until further notice." Of course every body wants to know who the performer is. As given on the bills, it stands as both a "cure" and a cause of curiosity, thus:—

HARRY KENT

This beats all the Hebrew reading we ever "cumd across;" and we expect that when the Portsmouth boys walk on their hands to read it, the "wicey-warcey" of it still requires a sort of left handed study. Anyhow, that South of England Music Hall is doing a three-decker business.

We have another batch of items from California, received since our last. The letter bears date San Francisco, Feb. 1st, '62:—FRIEND FRANK: You will herewith receive what little theatrical news there is afloat here since the flood.

Metropolitan Theatre, since the engagement of Mr. Charles Dillon, has been doing a fine business; this talented actor has appeared in three characters, Ruy Blas, D'Artagnan, and George Maurice in the new romantic play of the "Lady of St. Tropez." In this last character he fairly took the house by storm, and utterly surprised the critics by the intensity of his acting. On the first night, the excitement was so great that he received a distinct call in the middle of the third act. The managers, not satisfied with the immense attraction of Charles Dillon and the great company, engaged the celebrated Orrin Family, who made their *debut* last evening to a house literally crammed full. They have added to their company Mr. J. A Smith, who arrived from Boston by the last steamer.

Maguire's Opera House is doing fairly. Since my last he has produced the musical drama of the "Brouze Horse," in which Mrs. Leighton and Alicia Mandeville share the applause. I believe that "Cherry and Fair Star" will be the next production.

Gilbert's Melodeon is still the resort for the many lovers of that style of amusement, and the fun created by that merry quartette, Backus, Coes, Bernard and Murphy, is indeed side-splitting. Mr. Gilbert is indebted to W. H Smith's perseverance and managerial tact for the success of his establishment.

The Bella Union continues to flourish, O'Neil, Conner, and Marrion Lee being the principal features.

New National Melodeon—At this house they are now performing blood and thunder dramas, with fair success.

A Grand Concert was given on the 30th Jan., at Platt's Music Hall, by a Mdlle. Sonntag, at which most of our musical celebrities assisted. The house was a fine one, and must have netted a good round sum to the fair vocalist.

H. A. Perry, an actor universally known, and considered one of the best general performers that ever came to this country, died after a long and painful illness on the 22d of January. Peace to his ashes.

James Stark is still in town, unengaged.

Julia Dean Hayne will join the forces at the Metropolitan Theatre in about a month.

McKean Buchanan is somewhere in the interior, weather bound; he is accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Wilson's Side Show, consisting of the Bearded Lady and Swiss Warblers, is still on exhibition, and doing well.

Yours truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

Manager Fred. L. Kent has the banner of the Drama safely exalted in his theatres at Portland and Bangor. After J. H. Allen and Joseph Proctor, we may look for James H. Hackett, Sam Ryan, Sallie St. Clair, and so on. Under such banner bearers, those Eastern strongholds of dramatic ammunition will be duly maintained by manager Kent. Stars having a tendency in that direction would do well to give him a shoot. See advertisement at head of this department.

Sam Cowell has made an engagement for one year with Mr. Morison Kyle, of Glasgow, commencing from the 8th Feb., and has commenced a provincial tour accordin'. Miss Harriet Coveney and Mr. Stembridge are also engaged, to accompany and sustain Sam. The party were at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 22d Feb.

Manager H. C. Jarrett's Combination Company begins an engagement at the Providence (R. I.) Theatre, on the 3d March. We presume that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Little Eva, "the angel chee yild," etc., will be laid on the shelf for a week or two.

The 1st Regt. Edorado Volunteers duly inaugurated a temple of Thespis at their camp, Camp Weld, near Denver City, on the 31st Jan. The "building" is in one of the public stores, and called Camp Weld Dramatic Hall. The scenery has been painted by Sam D. Hunter, of the Platte Valley Theatre. Another member of that dramatic company, H. B. Norman, wrote an opening address, and it was delivered by Capt. E W. Wynkoop, of Co. A, on behalf of the Camp Weld Dramatic Association. We give the first and last verses, as samples of a good thing:—

> "To-night we here inaugurate a shrine,
> Devoted to the Drama's ancient Muse,—
> Though humble, when compared with those that shine
> Where Eastern Art and Luxury infuse
> A grandeur with the worship they accord,
> What place more fit in which for her to dwell,
> Than this far post of Freedom's watch and ward,
> Beneath the starry flag she loves so well?
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> "Then think us not presumptuous if we ask
> A kind indulgence from the soldier's friend
> In this, our somewhat unaccustomed task,
> And to our little undertaking lend
> Good wishes, with a hopeful, hearty cheer,
> The while the critic's judgment is withheld,
> And we will labor patient and sincere
> To make the Drama flourish at Camp Weld."

The Alleghanians, vocalists and bell ringers, were at Toledo, Ohio, on the 27th and 28th Feb. They next visit Detroit, Mich., and move on to the West. They have Carrie Hiffert and Maria Boulard, with Messrs. A Sedgwick, G. Galloway, J. M. Boulard, etc. D. C. Waldron is general agent. They may go four times around the world again, and yet not be out of the reach of the CLIPPER, nor where they cannot reach us with a "bill of the play" and a prospective message as to "what's up."

"A genuine sport" is an inveterate sport, any how you may take him out, and Tom Sayers is "one of 'em." We find such men in every class or profession. "Auld Clootie" himself, with ever so much orthodox pitchfork in hand, cannot scare it out of their minds. Tom Sayers smokes his pipe at the Champion Chateau, Camden Town, London; and, although he may not say much, he follows the example of that renowned Hibernian owl who carries on a considerable amount of thinking in a quiet way. Having bought out Howes and Cushing, and some other parties, Tom now announces himself as at the head of the "Mammoth Equestrian Company" of the age, etc. He has John and James Powell, equestrian performers; Wm. Mitchell, principal clown; Funny Freaks, dancing clown; the Brothers Brookers, athletes; Young Baloser, petite business; the comic mules, Pete and Barney, etc. Tom also has eight beautiful lady performers on horseback, three madames and five mademoiselles. Tom's portable water-proof awning cost five hundred guineas, he gives two performances a day in all sorts of weather, and he has an assistant to exhibit his trophies, etc., among which is the diamond ring, valued at one hundred guineas, recently presented to him by the students at Oxford, as some compensation for the official interference with his performances lately at that city. The forty American horses formerly with Joe Cushing's party, are now with Tom, and he makes a "grand entree" into each town, with a fine brass band, but gives no street parade or any outside show. The first performance is at 2 P. M., and the second at 7½ P. M. One day is usually sufficient, except in some of the large cities. The rush to see Tom is alone sufficient; but, his admirable horsemen and beautiful equestriennes, with capital clowns, hold the popular will, and bring in the £ s. d.

Herrmann, the prestidigitateur, is now in his second week at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati. Hermann had the ladies in full feather (and bonnet) at his matinee on the first of March. He is assisted "by the celebrated trio from the Academy of Music, New-York." They give a "grand concert" between the first and second parts of the prestidigitorial performances. That must be a strong trio, if not "celebrated." They are not known to us, and we therefore cannot "tree" that trio. We have heard that the usual orchestra was starved out from our Academy of Music, but we are not conscious of losing any "celebrated trio." Perhaps Herrmann has pressed them into the prestidigitating business somewhere out West, as he has a great knack of getting along in the "entire absence of any apparatus."

At the New National, or Mammoth Melodeon, San Francisco, there is a very fine and valuable dog, Prince, who equals

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was lack of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took his comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine;
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breast, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—from Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird who thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty board,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright sun used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, nor sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that twinkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning—
Oh friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, thro' the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade stooped to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF A RAIL ROAD ENGINEER.

I had spent a night in a stage, a day in the saddle, a night in a sleeping-car, half a day doing business, half a day in bed, and was, after supper, enjoying a cigar and a newspaper in the reading-room of the R—— House, in F——, Indiana. The newspaper was uninteresting, or else I was rather sleepy, and I guess it was a little of both, so that I soon neglected it, to watch the fantastic curling of the smoke from my fine flavored Principe. I didn't feel much like talking, and felt still less like reading; but I did feel as if I would like exceedingly well to hear a good story.

I had barely come to this conclusion and commenced wishing for some one of my acquaintances to amuse me until the time was up for the train which was to take me to G——, when I recognized, in the person who sat next to me, a fellow traveller in the sleeping-car of the night before.

He was a very agreeable-looking little man, with a clear gray eye, light hair, sandy whiskers, and smiling mouth. Indeed, he had so much the appearance of the man that I would like to hear tell a story, that I thought Dame Fortune had smiled upon me, when he recognized me with a genial—

"How d'ye do, stranger?"

I returned his salutation, and asked him some common place question about how he had enjoyed the ride we took together. He said something in reply about the running being too fast for the poor track; and from this the conversation ran upon fast travelling in general, for some time. At last I remarked that sixty miles an hour was the most speedy travelling that I had ever done. Whereupon my friend informed me, with a pleasant but knowing smile, that he had travelled considerably faster than that, and in fact, faster than he had ever heard of besides. Of course I was anxious to know where, when, and how he had done it; and after the modest assurance that he feared his tale would not be interesting, my friend relieved my anxiety by relating the following story:—

I am a railroad engineer. In '57, during the great panic, I was running on the F. and C. R. R. The railroad companies were growing tender in all directions. Every day we heard of a new failure; and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was looked upon as one of the most substantal in the nation; nobody seemed to have any great fear that it would fail to survive the general smash-up. But yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down; arrearages collected; and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got into rather deeper water than was agreeable all around. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first quality Taunton engines for the fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations were made to cut down the time, and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before when the engines should come. Well, there was but one new engine came. I said that there was but one engine came, and she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out at the Taunton Works. And this is as much as could be said in praise of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine. It was Saturday when she came out of the shop and I was to take a special train up to Y——. The train was to carry up the President and several of the other officers of the road, which crossed ours there, and arrange some important business with them. I had no trouble at all making forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just holding up at Y——, when Aldrich, the treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we were yet under good headway, he was very much injured, and was carried to the hotel insensible.

According to the President's directions, I switched off my train, turned my engine, and stood ready to start back to C—— at a moment's notice. Aldrich's presence was of so much importance that the business could not be transacted without him. So all those I had brought out, except the President and Aldrich, went back to C—— on the three o'clock express train. This was the last regular train which was to pass over the road until the following Monday.

Early in the evening, I left the machine in charge of my fireman, and went over to an eating-house, to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was playing a game of dominoes with the station agent, when in came Roberts, the President, in a great state of excitement.

"Harry," said he to me, "I want you to put me down in C—— at twelve o'clock."

As it was near eleven o'clock, and the distance was seventy-five miles, I thought he was joking at first, but when we got outside the door, he caught me by the arm, and hurried me along so fast I saw he was in earnest

"Harry," said he, "if you don't set me down in C—— by twelve o'clock, I am a ruined man, and the road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead, but he told me before he died that he had embezzled, from time to time, fifty thousand dollars of our money; and the clerk is to start on the twelve o'clock boat from C—— to Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning, to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands; and if you put me down in C—— at the right time, so that I save money, you shall have five thousand dollars. Understand it, Harry? Five thousand dollars!"

Of course I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down; I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and I told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry," he replied, as he climbed up the steps of the car which was coupled to my engine.

I sprang up into the foot-board, got up the switch tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and, just as she commenced moving, looked at my watch. It was just eleven o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in. From Y—— to C—— there were few curves in the road, but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it, so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter; and when I saw how the engine was moving, I had very little fear of the result. The road for the first few miles was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy posting myself up as to the amount of wood and water aboard, &c., that we danced by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time!" yelled a voice from the car. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand.

I knew very well that we should have to increase our speed by some means, if we carried out our plan of reaching C. by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish the purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at one hundred and ten pounds, so I turned down the valve to two hundred, for I knew she needed it all to make some of the heavy grades between us and C. It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed a rather long curve at the station, but which was, at our high speed, short enough, I looked at my watch, and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"Gaining," I shouted back to Roberts, who was standing outside on the platform of the car.

"Look out for the heavy grades," he replied; and went inside the car.

The next six miles rose gradually from a level, the first to ten and a half feet grade, the last which lay between us and the next station. My fireman kept her full; and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually; so that she kept her speed, and passed the station like a streak of lightning, in five minutes. Now came nine miles like the last, over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven minutes.

Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty-foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the car with wood, which had been placed there before starting, while he was gone after me. I believe he would have made his ten miles at the same speed as before, but through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain valve on the left-hand side of the engine got open, and the water rose in the boiler so far as to run the steam down to one hundred pounds, before I knew where the difficulty lay. At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as if for dear life. But presently he looked up, and seeing that the speed had decreased, he shouted:—

"Harry, we are stopping!" And then coming over to where I was, he said:—"Why, here we have been ten minutes on the first ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand, if something is not done. The speed is continually slackening. What's the matter?"

I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and after having tied down the safety valve, he climbed back over the tender, exhorting me to put him through, for God's sake, or we were beggars together! Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road, and we had only twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-four miles in.

I had shut the water off both my pumps, a little back, when I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam down a slight grade. From less than one hundred, with which we started over that ten mile stretch, she had two hundred before we had finished it; and as the guage indicated no higher than that, and the valve was tied down, I could not tell how much over two hundred pounds she carried; but certainly carried no less the rest of the journey. And well might she carry such enormous head of steam; for after passing that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay ten miles of five feet up grade, and fourteen miles of twenty to-the-mile depression between us and C——, and it was now eleven o'clock and forty seven minutes. Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace-door, smoke-arch, and chimney, all were red; while she seemed to fly onward as if the very evil one himself operated her machinery.

Six minutes carried us over the ten miles, and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C——. Now we had fourteen miles to go, and my time showed 11 o'clock and 53 minutes.

"If I live," said I to myself, "I will make it," and we plunged down the twenty feet grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run say that it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by, and that the sound of its travelling died away in the distance so quickly, they could hardly convince themselves that they had seen anything. It seemed more like a creature of a wild dream than a sober reality.

And now let me tell you that no engineer ever beat the time that we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, eleven feet in diameter, spun around so swiftly that you could not begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along, and although the track was as true as it could be, she swayed fearfully, and made such prodigious jolts that it required some skill for one to keep his feet. No engine would hold together if crowded to a greater speed.

Well, just as I came to a stand at the depot in C——, the big clock boomed out twelve, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time, and nothing to spare."

"And he saved the money, did he?" I asked when I saw that my friend had finished his story.

"Yes; he found it hid away in some old boxes, as Aldrich had directed."

"If you are a passenger for G——," said a waiter, "the 'buss is ready."

So I thanked my friend for his story, and bade him good-bye."

NEW JAIL.—The Grand Jury in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, have passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the present jail is insufficient, and that another ought to be built.

Resolved, that the materials of the old jail be employed in constructing the new one.

Resolved, That the old jail shall not be taken down until the new one is finished.

To discover your friends—Ask them to endorse.
To rise in the world—Go up in a balloon.
To be loved by the fair sex—flatter them.
To become rich—Attend to your own business.

CURLING.—Curling is a game of great Caledonian popularity, the number of known clubs in Scotland being over one hunderd and forty—every moderately-sized town, indeed, having one or more associations. The late Prince Consort himself was president of the parent club, and the most respectable members of the aristocracy gave their countenance and personal support to the exhilarating exercise. The manner of playing "curling" is in this wise:—On a smooth surface of ice, about fifty feet long by ten or twelve wide, a space is kept clear for the players. At either end of this course, which is denominated a "rink," a piece of wood called "tee," is stuck in the ice, and around the tee an outer and inner circle, called "broughs," are drawn. A line called the "hogscore" is drawn across the rink about eight or nine feet from the tee, and every stone that fails to go across this line is called a "hog," and the throw counts for nothing. The curling stone is a block of smooth granite, twelve inches square and highly polished on the lower side, with a handle on the top, to enable the player to give it the necessary impetus to propel it along the ice. In playing, the great object is to get near the tee. Any person's stone that is thus got into a good position is carefully nursed by the players on the same side, whilst the opposite party, of course, endeavor to displace it and secure the advantageous place for themselves. On either side is a man with a broom, whose business it is to keep the track clear for his own party, carefully sweeping away the slightest obstacle that may appear to prevent the stones gliding easily along. After all have thrown, one is counted for the stone nearest the tee, and each player on the same side, unless beaten in distance by an antagonist, also counts one—thirty-one being the general limit of a game, where the usual number of sixteen "curlers" are engaged.

HANDBILL OF PECKHAM FAIR IN 1726.—"G. I. R. to the lovers of living curiosities. To be seen during the time of Peckham Fair, a Grand Collection of Living Wild Beasts and Birds, lately arrived from the remotest parts of the world. 1. The *Pelican* that suckles her young with her heart's blood, from Egypt. 2. The noble *Vulture Cock*, brought from Archangel, having the finest talons of any bird that seeks his prey; the forepart of his head is covered with hair; the second part resembles the wool of a Black; behind that is a white ring, having a ruff that he cloaks his head with at night. 3. An *Eagle of the Sun*, that takes the loftiest flight of any bird that flies. There is no bird but this that can fly to the face of the sun, with the naked eye. 4. A curious Beast, bred from a *Lioness*, like a foreign *Wild Cat*. 5. The *He-Panther*, from Turkey, allowed by the curious to be one of the greatest curiosities ever seen in England, on which are a thousand spots, and not two of a likeness. 6 and 7. The two fierce and surprising *Hyenas*, male and female, from the River Gambia. These creatures imitate the human voice, also decoy the negros out of their huts and plantations to devour them. They have a mane like a horse, and two joints in their hinder legs more than any other creature. It is remarkable that all other beasts are to be tamed, but hyenas are not. 8. An *Ethiopian Tho Savage*, having all the actions of the human species, which (when at its full growth) will be upwards of five feet high. Also several other surprising creatures of different sorts. To be seen from 9 in the morning till 9 at night, till they are sold. Also, all manner of curiosities of different sorts are bought and sold at the above place, by John Bennett."

THE PHYSICAL MAN OF OHIO.—The Commissioner of Statistics of the State of Ohio, in his annual report, gives a curious description of the physique of the men of Ohio. The Commissionor says that Professor Henry and himself have been several years engaged in defining the American man, by accurate measurements. He presents only such of these as go to describe accurately the men of Ohio. For this purpose he gives the measurements of 300 farmers, miners, and laborers, in several counties; of 230 others in eleven villages, and five companies of Kennett's Cavalry, all native Americans. The following appears to be the result of these measurements: That the man of Ohio is five feet nine and one-third inches high, and is *taller than any European nation* of which there are measurements. He is taller than the Belgian by several inches, taller than the English, and even than the Scotch Highlanders. The Highlanders, however, exceed the Americans *round the chest*, and are, on the whole, the stoutest. In complexion, eyes, and hair, the *light* predominates over the dark. The prevailing hair is brown, and the prevailing eyes grey, or blue. In one word, the native American is a *modified* German of the time of Tacitus, and such he ought to be, from his antecedents.

BITE OF THE TARANTULA SPIDER.—A Neapolitan soldier, who had been bitten by a tarantula spider, though apparently cured, suffered from an annual attack of delirium, after which he used to sink into a state of profound melancholy; his face becoming livid, his sight obscure, his power of breathing choked, accompanied by sighs and heavings. Sometimes he fell senseless and devoid of pulsation; ejecting blood from his nose and mouth, and apparently dying. Recourse was had to the influence of music; and the patient began to revive at the sound, his hands working the measure, and the feet being similarly affected. Suddenly rising, and laying hold of a bystander, he began to dance with the greatest agility during an uninterrupted course of twenty-four hours. His strength was supported by administering to him wine, milk, and fresh eggs. If he appeared to relapse, the music was repeated, on which he resumed his dancing. This unfortunate being used to fall prostrate if the music accidentally stopped, and imagine that the tarantula had again stung him. After a few years, he died in one of these annual attacks of delirium.

LEGALITY OF COCK FIGHTING.—Two persons were lately convicted by the magistrates at Tullaght, in England, for cock fighting in a field. The conviction was quashed in the Court of Common Pleas, on the ground that the fighting did not take place in a pit or place kept for the purpose. The court would have sustained the conviction, but that counsel adduced a precedent established by the English Court of Queen's Bench—"Clark *v* Hayne"—decided in January, 1860, and reported in "Cox's Criminal Cases," page 324, in which the facts were exactly similar to those in the present case. The court quashed the conviction, holding that to constitute an offense within the meaning of the 3d section of the Act 20th and 21st of Victoria, chapter 23d, the fighting, or aiding and abetting, must occur at a place kept or used for the purpose of dog or cock fighting, bull or bear baiting, &c.

THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—The assertion that this was proposed so far back as three hundred years, may seem strange; it is nevertheless true, as the presence in the Town Library of Nuremberg, of a globe made by John Schoner, professor of mathematics in the gymnasium there, A. D. 1520, will prove. It is very remarkable that the passage through the Isthmus of Panama, so much sought after in later times, is on this old globe carefully delineated.

ALL OUT.—When Mulligan's men surrendered to Price, at Lexington, they had no ammunition left, but the rebels did not know it. The first the latter did was to demand the cartridges from each soldier. On this demand being made to an Irishman, he said to the officer: "Upon my honor, sir, I've niver a cartridge left; you had them all before we surrendered; had there been any more, you'd surely have got 'em from us, my dear."

A LADY friend suggests that the English ladies must be "horrid" figures, as they make such a fuss about cotton.

HORTICULTURAL.—Fists are generally planted between the eyes about the Fourth of July.

TROTTING ON ICE.—On the 10th inst., at Montreal, C. E., the trotting horses Frechette and Young St. Lawrence had a match on the ice for $25 a side, mile heats, and best two out of three. The Young St. Lawrence was the winner; the time being—first heat, 2min. 38sec., second heat, 2min. 37sec.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO XV.

I'll place the one whom she held dearest first—
A dark-haired, black-eyed girl, named CONSTANCE T——;
Who seemed a rose-bud, just inclined to burst
Into as fair a flower as one might see!
Though this sweet maid in luxury's lap was nurs'd,
She was not haughty in the least degree,
Her artless manner and demeanor mild,
Made her, in truth, a captivating child.

This is a pen and ink sketch from life. The "sweet maid" above alluded to uses GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP in her ablutions, to the exclusion of all others—and the consequence is that she possesses a skin divinely white, clear and transparent! Not an iota of tan, pimples, sallowness, redness, roughness, ringworm or other impurity, has marred her brilliancy of complexion since the time when she first commenced using GOURAUD'S SOAP, and she is therefore a living witness of its efficacy! Her hair is naturally dark and redundant, but GOURAUD'S MEDICATED HAIR RESTORATIVE has contributed much towards its rich silkiness and surprising gloss! Superfluous hair she has none, but the other ladies who have are assured that it can be completely extirpated by GOURAUD'S POUDRE magical POUDRE SUBTILE And red or grey hair can be changed the instant it is applied to a beautiful black or brown by using GOURAUD'S LIQUID HAIR DYE.

Recollect that the genuine toilet preparations of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD can only be obtained at his depot, 67 Walker street, first store from (not in) Broadway, New York.

Agents—Callendar & Co., Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; Bliss, Springfield; &c.

MICHEAL PHELAN'S
IMPROVED

BILLIARD TABLES
AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1858. Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 20, 1860.

The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table. Also

PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Address PHELAN & COLLENDER, 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street

---

GREAT BOOKS!!
NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOK
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A
CATALOGUE
OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY.
SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION
THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK,
AND SPORTING GOODS AGENCY,
Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed.
Address,
THOMAS ORMSBY,
Marble Buildings,
45 86 Nassau Street, New York.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 15 Ann street, New York.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application. Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address, post paid, will receive immediate attention. All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see avertised, will be furnished to order. Catalogues sent on application. Address J. H. FARRELL, Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles, No. 15 Ann street, New York. 43-tf

---

"WHILE WE LIVE, LET US LIVE."
J. A. WALNUT,
OYSTER AND DINING SALOON,
212 Broadway, cor. Fulton st., New York.
3-tf OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

BOOKS ON LOVE, AS USUAL.—Catalogues sent free. No fraud practised. JOHN ATCHISON,
24 3mx* 93 Duane street, New York.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY.—Orders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.
[44-tf] HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau street, New York.

"THE BIGGEST THING OUT."—Send twenty-five cents, and procure Our Great Bijou Package, containing Sketches, Songs, and a Rich Plate, which alone is worth three times the money, together with our Catalogues of Gay Books for Gay Boys. Remember that our Prices Can't Be Beat. Our large descriptive Catalogues sent on application to
EDGAR, MORPHY & Co., No 81 Nassau st, New York,
33 Late Charles Edgar & Co. Late J. B. Morphy & Co.

JAMES GOODWIN, Commission Paper Dealer, No. 110 JOHN STREET, near Cliff, New York.
News and Printing Paper manufactured to order at the shortest notice. 37 tf

---

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS.—Send your address and two red stamps to HOWARD M. GRAVES, New York City Post Office, and he will inform you of a SURE method of winning at ALL the various games. Try it, and get an answer by return mail. 40

STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES IN EVERY STYLE.—Wholesale and retail. J. J. MURRAY,
19 Wall street, New York.
Orders punctually attended to. 45-4t*

HELP FOR THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO TRY AND HELP THEMSELVES.—For one dollar, enclosed to DR. WILLIAMS, Box 279, Buffalo, N. Y., twelve powders will be returned by next mail, with full directions for using, which will obviate all those distressing sensations arising from the injudicious use of spirituous drinks. If you wish to be disenthralled from a damning habit, these will enable you to do so with but little or no inconvenience.

If the medicine does not have the effect claimed, the money will be refunded. 45 4*

"DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?"—In 1852 I first asked this question. It was answered by numerous people; and I ask if any of them ever knew my Onguent to fail in doing all I claimed for it; namely: that it would compel the Beard or Moustache to grow upon the smoothest face within six weeks from the first application. Like all successful inventors, I have had to contend with a host of imitators, some of whom even go so far as to copy my advertisements. However, truth is mighty, and will prevail; and you, my beardless friends, will find that my Onguent is the only thing that will really force the Beard to grow, and will neither stain or injure the skin. I send it to any part of the country, free of postage, for $1.
47-1t* G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau street, N. Y.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES IN SIX WEEKS.—Send 25 cents in stamps for the BOOK OF WONDERS, containing the above, and over 500 other valuable receipts.
46 6t* L. F. SIMPSON, East Boston, Mass.

28C EACH (Silver).—Microscopes Magnifying 500 times. 5 of different powers, $1. Free by mail. Send 1s for circular. F. K. BOWERS, Box 220, Boston, Mass. 46 3m*

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—The undersigned begs to state that he has on hand for sale, a very choice lot of Game Fowls, bred from imported stock, and warranted pure.

In the assortment may be found Cocks and Hens, Stags and Pullets, bred from Sefton hens and the Berkely blue red cock; also Berkely Piles, with a fine lot of pure Sefton brown reds; there is also one two year old Paulet black red cock, weighing 8lbs 8oz., a remarkably fine cock for any gentleman desireus of raising Shakebags.

The fowls are all in tip-top condition, and perfectly free from disease. Those intended to be bred this season should be put together at the earliest possible moment. For further particulars address
J. R. ASHFORD,
46-3t 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

RICH AND RACY—"The Life and Adventures of Madame Tiquet," containing the Amours and Intrigues of a French Woman. ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR FINE ENGRAVINGS. Sent sealed to any address for 25 cents Address
46 2t* A. S. MILDMAY, Worcester, Mass.